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***Fleeced***

**(2009)**



## **Nothing like dying clears the lumber**

Yesterday, over the deafening blasts, in my mind, I was bidding: *Goodbye, you gooves, I mean, you goofs, goodbye...*

There was the airliner, greedy god, giant totem bathing in the shiny pool of its own spunk — edgily milling around,

surrounding it (inside the permitted boundaries,) some of us plethorically salivating, others dry-throated, we all intimately worshiped..., entreating, beseeching, begging to be worth to be allowed (mentally allowed) to have a fulfilling tongueful licking up of it all, the uptodated goodies, the magnetic stool pigeon, the monstrous divinity, its cascades of coruscating sperm... And then, underhanded, clandestine, left and right, the sacrifices... If a man, your sacrificed your cock; if a woman, your clit.

I was so confused. Split between allegiances, you might say. A walking tribulation lost among the runways. One of my grown sons going toward one of the ready planes, wife and baby going toward an opposite one, another plane, in an opposite tarmac, to an opposite destination, bound for an opposite locale altogether...

Damned. Splintered, splattered, dispersed. A jumble inside. I know that you know the whole of my whole... Wallowing in pituitary juice, the little man me splat, I mean, split up, and swam ashore... His double life... Their respective... On both crystal-clear horizons... Over the muddy ramparts... Two beings not too apt to... His lives flashed before me — a splayed, badly spliced phenomenon at the end — telling me maybe that my job was done; the next generation already in command; that it would take exponentially longer than the whole life itself just to try to put a few floods of thoughts into action... This is another paradox, that many of the most critical injections and suggestions in a plane's eyeful head flash through so fast, that clocks collide in battle, it seems. Time we all live by has so little relation to the sort of linear lifetime one spells out to oneself as he runs from platform

to platform, trying to adjust, just trying (hard and never quite succeeding) to spell out the contents of even a single fast right word.

Every iteration uttered above the din roused from the frightful grunts of the huge idols and the shitty imprecations of the worshippers seems totally unhinged, out of any regular sequential pattern. We all seem to go around trying to grab the pigtail of a chronological series of feebly understandable gestures that willy-nilly should add up to a nanosecond of sense, but it never does.

Between you and them, and among these and anybody else, paradoxes rise like barriers — the moment you subside, exhausted, they call the roll-call of their lifetimes. It's really like that — the best way I can imagine to cope of with the repetitive quandary, would be never to try — better even to un-try... Everyone happens to use words, but all what really matters goes on without ever being said; you try to convey to those so-called loved-ones what you are thinking, and you find out that they're thinking exactly the same: deep down we all are thinking the same... Unfinishable! What a fucking travesty is it all, and when will it be over!

Move the gods in unison. We are panicking, fast, huge, unhooked, a lack of words in a torrent of words. Barely sketched on the reflections of the surfaces, there are the outlines of most of the sacrificial silent underhanded self-crippers. One tiny little piece of me given to the god, so that he might obsequiously concede me the keeping of the rest — the rest of that body nonetheless incapable of

expressing shit — or other than shit. I won't put up much longer with any further part of it. No. At any given instant, my internal head-speed might go into overheating. And whatever my ideas, memories, hatreds and desires might impel me to do even faster, the crash, by the way, would nonetheless be still a sure thing.

Exponentially more and more discombobulated as the shot flying god crumbles to the rough surface of your ominous thoughts, you're dying, meaning your urine is like caustic whitecaps on the shore of the burning brain. I'm thinking piss or bust... Meaning maybe that it's as well if I die or they do... And how fast and, farragiously over meadows, o ruinously over neighborhoods, or stinking wet over the ocean, who cares. The doors to the crapper fly open as my scrawnily screw-taped deliberations and associations can fly through the airport's thunderous sky — uselessly querulous. You can be in the middle of a ravishingly tiny rush, and yet start sliding back, technically, to the years of your infancy, when dying was what was coming next whenever anything at all happened — so that as a fact the chestnut about all your (good) seducers and (nasty) abusers flashing before your mind's eyes (if any) as you're finally reweaving, I mean, relieving and re-living yourself, isn't all that crazy. No.

The cups, plates and platters rattle, as does the lid, as do those trinkets they sell, as does every pane, and it turns out that that's what the worshippers were waiting for — a discrete cheer — usually it only happens once in a lifetime, but today it happened twenty-three times at once. A finite instance of sequential brain-pounding, as though you are being banged about by a bunch of thugs in a filthy

ring strewn with rusted cans and dead cats.

The way I think of time while they are alive, plus the way they think of my receding shadow as they create those slow mind-numbing balletic steps out of thick smoke, what an exuberant flirtation of promiscuous misunderstandings...! Who the fuck knows what's really going on. At the most basic level, I suppose is fear all around, masked with yet the same misrepresentations — who can imagine entities larger or more meaningful (or with a mind more powerful) than those, who indeed picture in his infantile fancy something as beautifully hideous as a train or a plane now aware of those alluring expanses called ocean, desert, firmament which moreover they are bound to realize their destinies never tire to call them over to, as if it were to the final resting place of home, home, home...? Hum-hum-humming home all the way home, my motors, my body. Homing machines, yes. No, but, when one of those dumb divinities is up to something as reasonable as giving up the parasitical ghost that had them in thrall, does it then, finally, realize that, although their whole life..., its whole life had been for all apparent purposes some kind of unity, with a starting point and now that hysterical crash, that in fact there turned out to be somewhere else foggy bigger meanings, bigger terms of reality, and that their lives as my life weren't even close to what words and chronological pitter-patter, really a sequential thing of some sort, where first you are borne in the arms of a creep, and then you're up with enough material to rush through a complaining door on your way to become a drop of piss in the pan of a universal latrine, can for an instant convey with any sense of accuracy...? Not a zillionth of a fraction with not a zillionth of a fraction of...? Your head might just explode in little

silences.

For when people are looking over their quietly bleeding stumps and waiting out, to see if there al last happens something more exciting than the intoxication brought by drink or by any other means which would tickle the hormones, always prone and eager to disorder, there you might talk and say as if you know what the fuck you were about to... but deep down... not at all possible to, no.

I was benevolently smiling through both ends of my schizopodous lips, and then, of a sudden — flexing, feeling my muscles, my face settled, no longer in pain, budding, breezy, an odorous flower waiving off — I was outside, alone, somewhat exhilarated, pondering that, indeed, dying clears your mind of so much dross and encumbrance — for a little while at least — till next one — before falling into the pattern, and then again, there you are, thinking, as always, those other obstreperous thoughts — or worse, hey, or worse.

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**All ends in shit**

**Indecisive death**

Wont to be outweighed by circumstances,  
Nonetheless the crucible where I'm cooking  
Or half-cooking or where my heart cooks  
And that I carry on my back, makes me bow  
So that I'm smelling the squills above my own  
Tomb. Too shrewd to shriek that "*All ends  
In shit*" - adept that I am at scatological eschatology,  
Nonetheless I shall tense my thews  
Against the forged enmity of what ails,  
Hidden from view, as a rat in the pantry  
Of my guts. The kitchen knife shall  
Be apt enough...? Oh, that an arrow  
Not of Cupid but of an Indian behind  
A rock suddenly did me in. Perish the  
Thought that wracks my selective demon...!

Latch onto the bawdy flesh, nemesis,  
And disdain all gross subtleties  
So that my engines might blossom.

Let my shimmering woes outshine  
The wellsprings of the dilating sponge  
That as a toiling gargoyle spews  
The bloodless blood webs my heartbreaks.

I've been absorbing lately wonders galore  
Plus a wealth of other cosmic simulacra  
That foreboded perhaps a change of character.

Saps the anemic juice of my courage  
The pectinate claws of death as they start



To scavenge - appetizers on the plate  
Of my chest - sipping at the clogged  
Little wells in the spare starving hollows  
Whose hairy little haggard tentacles  
Find themselves besotted with a sense  
Of dutiful hospitality. Instead, deep down,  
Am all for jumping off the cable, unscathed.

Seeps in, slantwise (the staggered bawdy  
Flesh dwindling, half abolished, rigid,  
Or suddenly treble-thrilled, abuzz, a-tremble,  
Bickering, vindictive, with a zest for healing,)  
Seeps in the clammy coldness of her bony  
Hands. Oh, heart, no key shooter shot you,  
But as cotton wool untangled with  
Shivering smooth bony fingers smuggled  
Within - stanced sponge, thwarted,  
Unable to pump, you wrought havoc  
Into the woof, the web, the nervous  
Fired mesh of that structure now crumbling.

It's me, the superstitious man, then sounding off?  
I would have never believed it! Only that am  
Besieged by omens so dire, the kernel riddled with  
Worms of certainty so toothy, you'd need  
To be a surly, unwieldy, and inborn type of an ingrained  
Piece of vermin indeed, a damned fool all told  
To ignore the decay of the frayed warp  
With at the center that deadly dying spider: you.

Addled honeycomb of my gangrel brain,  
All this time you knew all and did jack,  
Now you have no scobinate clue about it.

What to do...? If you belonged to Lenin

Or to some other pontiff never loath to  
Pontificate, geared by a supreme off the radar  
Power for the instant quelling of the wealthiest  
Of wrangles over choice (snuffle that dumb  
Demon of selectivity!) and ready instead to  
Plunder on, as an exploding shell, over  
The stressed voracious fortresses  
That waged any kind of abiding resistance  
To what's to be on, you'd abide no contradiction  
You'd hew to the bindweed of your enveloping  
Clear thought, and as the raider that  
Splinters the gaps, the switch of your thought  
Would vex the dowdy, wed cheek by jowl to  
What strangles them while they dwell on  
And stake their bets on without feeling  
Other pang that the pang of losing, of  
A sudden, it all.

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### **Through the panes, transfixed**

Frugal love links of the everyday,  
I awoke and peered through the panes  
At the long acres of cultivated trim,  
Those strenuously conceived  
Paradoxes of commonplace creativity...

At the critical orchids that often create,  
Under the breeze, such brittle melodies.

Ah, yes, simplicity; mine, no doubt  
Very much like that of other  
Humble gardeners whose orchards,  
Above over yonder,  
Also drift in waves of curious solitude.

I peered at tilled fields, mathematical  
Sequences of aspects hidden  
To the reasoning mechanisms.

And saw next, near the rough wall,  
The bland covetousness of moderate lizards,  
Joyful in their other world.

The beasts' techniques allow the empty,  
The empty like me and my empty eyes,  
To marvelously relax and dream.

Mixtures of grease the hoe mixes in the creases  
Of her ancient goddess skin, earth.

Blasts the volcano its lavas,  
Over which the fire fishes  
Erstwhile so deftly swam.

Like them, I'm telling myself, put up a fight,  
You lousy lazy creep.  
Your dough is elastic, and hers more so,  
Vow then to rip her lingerie...

Even the thought, brings you enough

Exhilaration as to be able to...(in a jiffy,  
Had you only taken yourself outside,)  
To saunter over the manifold bird's nests  
Of her hairy treasures.

Rewards that shall be yours as the same  
Paradoxical library of commonsense wit  
Encountered while digging for other  
Injurious worms.

Think: Labors a plenty,  
Labors so wondrous, reality is tossed around  
In mindlessly rational straightforward fashion.

Stay. Bother to listen to the feet of the lizard  
As they take purchase over the rural quiet,  
And as they steal with ease the ease,  
The uncostly ease of earth undone.

Eliminate the acquired knot of enwrapped  
Sentences, and maybe freedom is deserved.

Vowed now to unstinting attachment  
To fewer places, exploit the wasteful  
Clouded less-ness of superabundance.

Suppose the cheapest and the highest findings  
Are both equally doomed to extinction.

The cheapest and the highest priced,  
Those extravagant sisters who clearly and  
Chastely require the tasteless characteristic  
Of picking yellow laundry in the hope  
That their lizard feet in clarity and vividness  
Will follow their stealthy model to the vacuous

Small refuge of the infinite.

As the length increases, and thence the plurality  
Of spending, bestow rather a scattering of  
Further elegance on the cheerfully unbidden  
Juncture of sudden death.

Nothing is codified nor edified.  
An agonizing whinny originates  
In the healthy chest of a slave  
Bought in prospects of gaining  
Insight into the clandestine.

A merely elongated leek is the nearest  
Thing to the bread of thought.  
It requires a vast planting outdoors,  
Where the intelligent of yesteryear  
Taught the hallowed topics,  
Now grown disgustingly sour and stale.

No hindrance to the expansion of its hair,  
Its leek-y hair, the subtle emanation  
Of all earthbound tears.

A grove pristine in birdie mirth  
Shows nonetheless some weaknesses.

Fewer distractions are available  
In the far-fetched maximum leisure  
Of redundant, mutually assured hostility.

I rose that morning beholding success,  
And of course such a surplus,  
And yet my oversize aptitude for idleness  
Frittered away all those (soi-disant

Worthwhile) hothouse remotes.

Unyielding and specious as any other  
Coquettish novice, I shunned the tree  
And its poisoned fruits, and removed  
Myself to where the lizard had gone,  
Or thought it had — the hot naked  
Unsteadily dangerous rocks  
Of sheer unproductivity,  
As the burning rain unwrapped  
Its coruscating pyrotechnics.

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### **Sorry old machine clinkering its last**

On a whim, I had climbed the old narrow stairs.  
Back from afar, I had returned to the city of my birth.  
I was almost sixty now.  
Fancy, over forty-odd years already that I had not seen all  
this...!  
I was climbing up to the small terrace found on the roof.  
There we used to do, as mere tykes, our calisthenics, under  
the supervision of the livid, bloated, screaming teacher.  
I wanted to see again the lost landscape of fifty years  
gone.  
At the top of the stairs, on the landing before the door to

the terrace, in the dark, I heard a voice...

—Who's that? Is that you...?

—No, I answered, it's me. I went to school in this same building, I just wanted..., out of curiosity...

—Oh, but of course, come all the way in.

I did so, with a certain trepidation. As though a monster were to lurk therein, or maybe worse, the same stern old teacher of yore, cadaverous now, it had to be, mummified, eager to punish me for an ultimate, definitive time, for a more unpardonable sin...

But no, thank goodness, it was his pretty daughter who opened the door to the Sun.

She had a bottle of schnapps with her.

She was only slightly older than me. Still gracious. She offered me a sip of her odorous bottle.

The terrace, I saw, had been totally altered.

All in white. Blinding.

Also the cityscape you saw from the terrace itself had nothing to do with what I remembered.

The big blind white wall of a neighboring house barred the view to the river beyond and the lovely undulating green and dun hills that often used to be filled with gatherings of white bleating sheep...

Or with gypsies tethering horses around an improvised fire to warm themselves as they waited to sell the scrawny animals.

The terrace was also dangerous. Gone were the safety railings at its borders. The impingement of the swallowing edifice nearby almost making the railing superfluous. And yet there it was: a strait, a canyon, a narrow chasm that would open in between the two houses, pointing down to the same busy commercial street underneath.

The approach to the brink was therefore nonetheless perilous indeed.

Actually the small terrace seemed to waver in fright,

choked and squeezed, cornered by the huge walls of the new houses surrounding it.

If you wanted to inspect what was nonetheless still seeable through chinks of unchained buildings, you better did it from the center of the little terrace, lest in your dizziness you should fall straight down, the whole length of ten or eleven stories, as a dead weight, fortuitously tossed, and now witlessly caroming through the uneven walls of the descending funnel formed by the walls and balconies of as much of the more and more proximate sides of the leaning buildings as their randomly acquired shapes presently afforded.

Trying all the while to keep your balance, the terrace wavering worse and worse and you in danger of falling down and rolling to the brink and to the almost sure prospect of your bruised body finally dead and smashed... Splattered on the pavement.

The same pavement you kept on looking at, faintly suicidal, all those long Summer afternoons when almost everybody kept themselves inside and only the man with the long hose would splash the dusty street with cold cooling water...

A cleaning hose for your blood and crushed pasty bones now again maybe...

I turned, urged by the burning of the little hairs at my nape, and looked at the lurching old woman girl of my childish erotic dreams...

She was laughing an ugly laugh without teeth...

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## **Book of Life [only two chapters]**

### **Book of Life (one chapter)**

My mother, my father,  
my daughter, my wife,  
they were all talking  
and marveling  
at the big monument.

I said: Excuse me...  
And so fast, and almost  
unacknowledged,  
I was gone.

I went directly opposite  
their way,  
traversing streets and roads  
chockfull with people and cars.

I had to go steal a book...  
Couldn't let pass  
the opportunity.

When I came back...,  
they all were dead,  
my father, my mother,  
my wife, my daughter.

Now I'm trying still  
to read the momentous book  
I stole on that occasion.

While I wonder  
was it all really worth...?

### **Book of Life (another chapter)**

Borrowing and substituting  
is my way of being.

My way of being, meaning  
how I exist on this selfsame earth  
the reader is supposed to exist.

I'm borrowing the combs of others  
to see if with their special,  
toney, tawny, wide-tined combs  
my bald spots don't populate again.

I'm borrowing also the sauces —  
Often I feed on sauces alone;  
other times I only need to add  
a bit of bread...,  
borrowed,  
or found someplace,  
or even bought somehow.

Substituting is the second endeavor,  
as important as the first.

When my friend Bledso  
went to town to steal a book,  
and it was Halloween time,  
I asked him to substitute whatever  
book he was going to steal  
for this one...

I said: Bledso, please...

And I gave him (taking it from  
my pocket with a flourish,  
for I was sure it was a very surprising  
book,) I gave him a book  
enveloped tightly with the mask  
of a goofy Dracula.

I said: Bledso, please...  
Would you slip this on the window  
of the bookshop, prominently,  
you know, on the window  
of the bookshop where thou happenest  
to go for to steal a book...?

He made a moue but took  
the unfrightening book  
to inconspicuously put it  
conspicuously under  
the eyes of the amused passers-by.

I remember (I was at the time involved  
in the fond process of supping by  
dipping some sops in the sauce

on the counter) when he came back.

Alles in Ordnung...?, I also joked.

Bledso answered: Yeah.

I said: Show us then which book thou hath  
for thee for the nonce appropriated,  
knightly Bledso, chivalric chivalrous  
chevalier of mine, please, huh...?

He said, nonchalantly showing  
indeed the scant volume:  
Just “A Small Tract...”  
(or “Treaty” or “Treatise,”  
now I don’t rightly recall;  
let me rephrase it...,) he saying: Just  
“A Small Treatise About Ovarian Cancer.”

I said: Sounds interesting.

As he forewent the opportunity  
to reply, I thought I needed to add  
to the praises of his choice.

Promises to be a wad of fun,  
I echo-chambered  
in the empty cage of my trunk  
trying, though benightedly enough,  
to guffaw. And then I said:  
Would you please, Bledso,  
lend it to me sometime...?

He was rummaging about  
in some deep drawers

where previously I had rummaged,  
but I believed then as  
I do do believe now he kindly  
nodded his assent...;  
awfully nice chap, Bledso,  
if swallowed whole and  
unseasoned, as they say.

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### **Me again and again the cuckolded jerk**

Oh blind woman, my wife, missus Becker,  
from the jolly high town of Stecker,  
she thought every nose was a pecker.

Also reversely—  
So often, verily,  
whoever wanted, merrily,  
to outrageously make ‘er...,  
did — he certainly, most cunningly did  
— what a jerk, wasn’t she; and what a jerk,  
me, the cuckold, and what a jerk every jerk

made ‘er, my wife, missus Becker.

Swindled and tricked by almost every feller  
came her way and pretended to be, handwise,  
temporarily, a no-trekker:

*“—Would you blow please me nose  
and its hyperventilating nostril,  
du meine süsse Schmecker...?”*

—they’d ask most politely,  
and this, lest their otorhinolaryngologist later  
should find ‘em, at the end of the day, yet sicker,  
and so they’d sick ‘er, thicker and thicker, and seek ‘er,  
and tease ‘er, and strip ‘er, as their nose got bigger,  
and bigger, and as they muttered —

*“—Indeed, sweet sister,  
for my otorhino..., my otorhinolaryng...,  
my otorhinolaryngologist is such a stickler.”*

*“—Blow yer nose, he tells me, you pickled prick prickler,  
or it’ll become a damned gangrenous tickler.”*

*“—Plus also, as long as you are at it so deep,  
you deliciously cowlike mischief-maker,  
strenuously lick it, and lick it, and lick it,  
like the block of salt it is, and milk it, and milk it,  
with the skill of the fabled udder-lass who mistook  
the udders with the bull’s genitalia..., ah-ah, ah-ah,  
with care you there, you motherfucking faker,  
aren’t you the rascally malkin, look at me merkin  
(I mean me beard,) smoking as if on fire,  
and yelping for help as a forsaken whelp;  
no, you motherfucking faker, you milk it,*

*and lick it, and love it as though you mean it,  
no meanness here, then, ok, you motherfecking faker?"*

Variations of such obscene smears followed,  
from the filthy mouths of 'em that had  
their nether nose eagerly blown,  
and then you heard 'em (true, with a hard-on)  
forsake 'er, and break 'er, and brake 'er,  
you heard 'em quake 'er, and wake 'er, and wreck 'er,  
and you saw 'em neck 'er, and deck 'er,  
and finally they invariably, with all their might,  
you saw 'em thoroughly feck 'er, and feck 'er,  
and feck, and feck, and feck, and feck 'er,  
my lady, my wife, my missus, missus Becker.

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**as the mood dictates the quality of the colors on the  
painting so the consequences on the canvas of the skin**

When she was good  
I was allowed to lap up  
The glaze upon her buns  
Left there by the others'  
Thicker longer  
Sturdier brushes -

When she was bad

The labile slender pencil  
Of mine got punished  
Into being banned  
Into having its nose  
Blocked for days on end  
Deprived of the nurrishment  
Of their glaze.

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### **Caught in amber**

Tiberius Ieye didn't realize that he was just that — an eye with legs — until the day his friend the killer, Garrison Buffoon, a fag who nonetheless had also a honeybuns of a wife named Penny Mile, showed him the eye of an antediluvian sparrow caught in amber...

Said Tiberius Ieye: "Is that a mirror...?"

Said Garrison Buffoon, the killer: "No, silly; it's the eye of a very ancient sparrow caught in amber... You want to know how old it is...? I'd guess no less than a billion years old or so... If not older still."

—Somebody gave it to you...?

—Found it while I was on the job... [Why he was killing



somebody, understood the Eye.]

They were bathed in penumbrae and squalor... The Killer Buffoon and the Eye had gone to the city to acquire — through any means necessary — a book Penny Mile wanted, about “**How to atone serenely enough for one’s crass errors at metempsychosis...**” Or some other learned volume approaching this title...

She’d tried and tried, alike with herself, and with his dear husband, and his most intimate friends — with whom he’d have orgiastic sex in the gun-logjammed den while she brewed both tea in the kitchen and, over the crucible in her lab, some incantatory formulae of soul transformation... She’d tried with all her circle of acquaintances, and especially with her husband’s... All flaky fishy soft-wristed malleable fags. But the results, anyhow, left always a lot to be desired.

The Eye was maybe a consequence of her tinkerings with the leaping trips that souls (if too prodded on their behinds) often feel obliged to take from body to body...

As the process was uncalled-for, with neither the souls nor the new recipients of them really ready, horrid creatures ensued, with forms you don’t want to be too clinical in describing lest you provoke yourself into vomiting and loathing.

Once a jinxed sparrow was passing out her window and received the soul of the maid. The maid becoming nothing but a little bit of carbon with the shape of the maid. Penny the Mile had the little carbon maid later engraved upon an amethyst set in platinum and she used it often as a love-charm to entice other girls which were later also subjected

to the same indignity of unripe transmogrification...

The bookshop held nothing of any kind of interest inside — just rubbish, just garbage, just fluff... The Eye and the Killer, dismayed, thwarted in their last-ditch expedition, finally hobbled by tiredness and life-purposelessness, started running for the hills. Back to the sticks where weak weedy books didn't poison the air.

The Mile was waiting home. As she knew Catalanian perfectly, her incantations packed a truer ring than did those of most (if not all outright) of the other more helpless, hapless charmers. And thus her degree of failed success was much greater than that of the rest of witchdom... Many women of the neighborhood had been put to death accused of witchcraft only because they were ugly and surrounded by monsters, but the Mile was free to run crazy and on the raw by night, without fear of being assaulted by corpse-hardened killers, for she could convert at will, becoming a gigantic thrip who smugly could twiddle with anybody's crotches and then none the wiser, or a firebug and mix with the sparkles of a drink of warm liquor as the knights and lords discussed at night which witch go out and burn...

The knights and lords would gather nightly and under oath and with short brusque squabbles, resolved instantly by the barking of the skin of the shins of each of the squabblers by the great boss with a big stick, they would decide the nightly victim... And the Mile biting their balls, ferociously, when their idea was wrong enough to direct itself to the whereabouts of her home and the Killer's, and in consequence instead of opining, having to swear devilishly and bang at their own balls... By the time the wrongly inspired knight tried to intervene anew about

which witch to bring to justice, the verdict had already been agreed on.

The weirdest type of zoomorphism as a startling new phenomenon didn't start in their soap-operish homeland till the Catalonian Mile had appeared a shiny day on the sunny, thimy side of the hill leading to their hiding place of a little village. Most of them had seen her as a sweet lagniappe coming of itself, on two pretty gazelle's legs, both for their enjoyment at seeing her burn, and the more delicious faggoty drudge and grudge that went on while selecting a new sacrificial cunt every night on their Columbus Knights lodge where the sanctimoniousness-weary devil willy-nilly presided.

There were tigers and amphorae and crucifixes on the walls. Buddha was absent, of course. They could transform into hyenas and other beasts of prey in manners quite peculiar. A society of castes which was held in deep contempt by the rest of the untouchable population... [Untouchable except at the time of setting them on the pyre to burn alive, of course, especially the women, the witches so called.]

The Killer was of the opinion that: **“Only the irregulars can win the battle against the deadly regulars...”**

The Eye agreed. He beat an eyelid in assent.

Upon arriving to their village, a nasty surprise awaited them. They had been declared “off-kickable.” And in effect they had been kicked out. “Why the fuck...?” They inquired, pissed off to the max.

“—New rules apply — no access now!” The soldiers paid

by the caste society of witch-burning knights and lords haltingly answered, and their machine guns gleamed menacingly.

As the bullets flew, the Eye and the Killer ran. And ran and ran. Nights, days. On the roads, dodging the mortiferous road blocks...

The Mile, prone to infatuation — or getting fat on a wrong idea — now without her killer honeybuns, felt cheated at life.

Idle in her palace, wasting away the day, thinking only of pseudonyms for her new forms, she suffered first a wicked rebellion of the organs of the body, then an incapacitating stroke; then her father the great master law-giver in the lodge, the wielder of the big stick to bark shins' skins with, became entangled in the fight of his life — the others unanimously wanted to shorten his name — in effect depriving him of his whole personhood...

Also, the redneck peasants, the most overwhelming of whose passions was thrift, had stolen another of his daughters, and didn't want to give her back... The great exarch moaned, writhed, his losses climbing...

The Catalonian Mile, her daughter most loved, the witchiest woman in town, pot-bound by her cord-tightening disease, couldn't help him. Her hair in thrums like tentacles of doom, she, ill-mannered enough, grunted and whirled in order ultimately to rip free from her sinew-slammed paralysis. Her tongue knotted and wedged, prison-pent in an impregnable electromagnetic fence of molars grown like vacuums of distances so daunting that might as well be interstellar... Her world-altering spells

reduced to sibilant syllables only attractive to wasps whose squirming nuptials of dances and whimsical stingings caused her to laugh and tremble like an addled chrysalis...

Indeed, her rump on the bier-like bed lay like a chrysalis from which Psyche tried to rise... The Eye had seen the Japanese showing how the souls get out of the assholes in men and off cunts in women... But if now he could have seen Penny the Mile he would most assuredly have popped.

For an instant Penny Mile became a moth, engendered from the carcass of her own frozen rump... She unfolded her wings, hovered above her discarded chrysalis of a hebetated body, cast a forlorn glance on the old slough... And throbbed for action, predisposed to fly posthaste to save her sister..., or the Killer..., or to talk evil obscenities in next night's sacrificial witch... after this first liberating, very fanciful gig..., when...! When the swarm of wasps took her of course for a handy insect host and, at one fell swoop, the lot of them got rid of their parasitical eggs, eggs with legs pretty soon and immense mammoth mouths, by injecting them in her plump feathery dusty magical disgusting lymphatic drunk faltering body...

The peasantry, meanwhile, storm-swept, ripe for mischief, hearing the end-of-days banshees riding the sneering winds, disabled the innocent daughter... They parboiled her in thawed yolk of written-off menses. In mirth they drank the pith, while flirting with the falling, devastating bolts. Temptation must be always heeded lest we lose our humanity... The evidence in chief of the manifestation of this verity was under our very eyes beneath contempt: the younger sister, the daughter of the great khan of the clan,

while sizzling, gloated. Hmmm! That was mighty strange. We nudged the cartilaginous mass she was becoming and streamers of most untherapeutical steam flew up, and bubbles very mean and pestilential burgeoned from the burned ends of the caldron to hug in a lethal embrace the more punishment-deserving amongst us. When the malign fetid waters ebbed we realized we had been purged of the worst elements of the tribe. Had we not yielded to temptation at the beginning, now we not only would have a still more powerful witch amidst us, but our society would live in deadly jeopardy clandestinely truffled with plenty of traitors eying to harm our coming prosperity...

Waylaid, the grieving Killer was also horrendously killed. Unseen, the irrelevant Eye, wielding a magnifying glass, was let alone to study the mosses and lichens and the monstrous tiny gigantic beasts thriving therein.

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**Committed to bumping it on.**

So, that was it, I'm walking, and a short truck with two rednecks inside stop asking for directions to a house where something of a certain value might be in sale; I said that I might have heard about such an address but that I didn't think I rightly remembered

offhand; maybe moseying on I would find it but out of the question inside a vehicle where I certainly would lose all sort of coordinates, that if they cared to wait there at the pumps' snack bar, I'd be with them in a little while telling them if I had found the house or not.

Actually it was easy to find: a spiffy mansion behind a grove with pecan trees. So I was going back to the pumps' cantina, when the rednecks' truck was coming up the road against me; I made some signs with the paper on my hand. Even when they had bypassed me, they stopped and reluctantly it seems then backed up to where I stood, bathed in yellow dust. I said I had found the thing. They looked rather morose and pissed, brooding and spiky-egg-sitting, with some sort of grudge against me annoying as I say their shithole sphincters. I climbed into the rear of the cabin, and sat down. They continued their converse in total ignorance of me (inconspicuously ensconced at the background.) I had pointed toward where the house was, and now I never opened my mouth again. Their converse was fascinating if only when considered in its unaccountably high degree of stupidity. It seemed that some shitty princess from one of those little shitty states of shit with princesses still and shits like these, a princess in Asspain, was pregnant and nobody knew who the fuck the father was, the princess being nothing but another spic asspainish whore. But then the two rednecks, what would you know, there and then they solved the big problem for the rabid tabloids. Slowly, they arrived at the conclusion that only one of either of the two commoners more at hand during the critical period when the whore could had been impregnated, namely: the cupper or the kipper, could had been the culprit, the guilty party in fecundating the whore's stinky spawn. The kipper either being a mispronounced or badly spelled keeper or just a kipper-fisher or a kipper-canner, or both, or else who the hell knows, not me, being a fucking foreigner besides anyway, only that does it matter, no, I wouldn't think so either.

The point was at the end that only the kipper could be the engenderer, I mean, there it was, too obvious, at the bottom end of the upshot the kipper being the dad, for, get this, the cupper was in fact a woman disguised as a cup-bearer or what have you. And the confirmation of all this is in the letter U of cUpper, that shows a vaginal hollow, or plainly stated a cunt with all its back-hanging machinery; while the I in kIpper is a cock, and not only a cock but an erect straight-backed cock, and the punctuation at the tippy top of i the jizzm fiercely spurting, you bet.

Congratulations were in order. They were patting the backs of each other's vast powers of reasoning, I mean, actually banging each other's scruffs of the neck.

Hey, and with this we had arrived. They went through the main door while me I went again through the gardens behind. Soon I heard the truck going away again, with the two rednecks probably contrite, their tails, their crooked shrunken i's tucked inside their festering thighs, for having dared to go so much over their heads - and me meanwhile freely rummaging across the rich rooms; robbing nothing, mind you, cause I'm no robber; just a nosy quiet guy. Rounding a corner, some of the rich invitees even taking me for one of them, asking me to reach for some towels for those ladies at the pool's brim; and me complying graciously, you bet. Then I smelled the perfumes, I touched the diamonds; the tampaxes were pink and green: the green for the greenhorns, the virgins if any...? Who knows.

Spineless mole beholden to no one, whipping its way here and there, among the blushing spawn of the rich; since I've never been



steeped in rancor for them or for that matter anyone else (I hold everyone in the same embers-like steady-fire contempt,) the orthodox liturgy I go through when meeting any of them, even in their tenderest years or even in their doddering old age, as with the rednecks, all being a matter of tact, they remain convinced that whoever penetrated their intimacy was a frayed dream of a little nondescript guy who would never recount their silly stinky cunt shenanigans to anyone anyway. (But maybe to some ass-wiping bumph nobody'll ever read of course.) As if who would listen to him, let alone remember him or whatever the fuck he said, mostly in his native language: a mumble fleetingly elapsed. The yellowish waning fainting afterimage of a transient humming hobo bee...

As I exited, I did it through the front door, heavily guarded by German guards and slavering dogs. I greeted them with a another mumble of my own, in what they thought might have been German but was my native language: spoken now but by only a select minority of sneaky lizardly fuckers, indeed. And no one the wiser, not that it mattered a whit, then or now, I'd say.

---

**landscape sans horizons**

**A Beer and a Loaf and a Kipper Cunt**

What else but a beer and a kipper  
Cunt in the soft breeze of the shade  
Of the mighty tree, seasoned with bread  
Bitten with appetite?

Kipper cunt, tasty smell, probably  
Nutritious, as the sheep and the hens  
Bundle yonder under some pretext  
Rather futile.

For the weather is fine, a vintage  
Type of weather, where the grapes  
Are spun in sort of a strobe-lighted  
Mottled projection from above.

The haughty Sun stumbling meekly  
On the leaves of the tree of late August  
When the seedy straggling wormwoods  
Disperse, smugly smuggling their seeds.

How apt those names "worm" and "wood"  
As the bread is eaten with the kipper smell  
Of the ripe cunt, a snatch diseased none  
At all, just slightly unwashed.

The city is gone, mausoleum for snobs,  
Never seen for the hills and other pastoral snags  
Where nature's creatures straggle to struggle  
Smelly and rather lousy too.

---

**field of words - ploughed**

they all sing and recite while being fucked  
atop a transparent bed  
at the bottom of which  
the camera works.

serious work indeed -  
a heavenly anthology of song and recitation  
while the interpreter is thoroughly  
fucked - so refined, oblivious, anestrous,  
excelling at the *other, more real*, task at hand,  
almost far aloft, notwithstanding the grim  
circumstances, each of the goddesses  
in their artful absorption  
impervious to lubricity,  
for the flesh perishes,  
the flesh indeed, when confronted with art,  
by it is bound always to be excruciatingly  
vanquished, exhaustively  
crushed.

it is a given: the flesh indeed, by art  
being always shamefully transcended.

and now in fact a glut: cohorts of singers  
and diseuses, the best around the world,  
Chinese, American, African,  
the most famous, the prettiest,  
or the fattest, and the thinnest,  
ponderous divas and flighty burlesque grisettes,  
all prone, and lubricated,  
ruthlessly, under martyring attrition,  
in earnest performance fucked,  
with their tits and mouths

splashing on the diaphanous coverlet  
across the slight clear water mattress  
under which the camera steadily  
artfully unblinkingly rolls,  
and with nary a clatter rolls still, until  
the recital's finale orgasms through  
the cramped layers where the soul  
transpires.

art defeating the vulgarity of the act  
as the spirit discomfits the mud, the dust,  
the carrion of the filthy vessel that  
carried such wondrous riches,  
the poem, the tune, the song...

I'm so full of it, so pleased  
with my crafty work,  
the tatters at my back feel  
like multicolored wings,  
the sweat on my brows  
the product of the skies  
where ethereal angels slobber and drool  
in their enthused paeans  
against the dark infinitudes  
of the unseen backdrops.

---

## **All those books flung over the icy shiny snow**

Waste the pulp: dawdling the hoodlum  
Numbed by dint of crept ecstasy: proud badge of the inflictor  
Beetle here on sufferance: unransomed  
Ironclad contrivances: gates to supernal injury  
Skyrocketing rage: blood sped  
Exhort patience: only nag the bristling cripple  
Lecher in lingerie: quaint longings unveiled  
The black devil and his ashen flunky  
Passionate commitments: tinged  
Thighs unlocked: puttering over the goal  
Unrequitable whilst unguerdoned: thus adumbrates the afterlife  
Foam of foresight: fled  
Molten inkling: scheming resolve  
Neutered: of sufferance great  
Scattered proof: his pinnacle often rapt  
Shabby crutches where alight the flies: flown  
Life or death wager: lost  
Peevish gold trickling: conflicts fed  
Havoc lavished: dumbstruck  
Spiders in the hollowed woodpile: dug for: culled  
Soot reaped: cherished theme: blight kept on  
Meager gains: contentious: wept vexed jerky  
Gliding moth: to the body led  
Howling reprieve: the trespasser spurts

Starved atrophied twined: stealing over  
Cringing in disarray: distraught ambushes  
Scowling stranded begrudging: vowing revenge  
Roster disrupted: glassy hubbub: its demise  
Chores out of whack: cheeks under the hooves  
Disfigured staggerers in narrow splintered shelters  
Sap borrowed: tackled: etched geared to be notched  
Huddled entrenched ossified  
Honed shrewd aim: wrested from myriads  
Slovenly burganets in surrender: split  
Heels recoiling spinning over: won  
Waning scopes  
Throve the insights: trusty threat: unheeded  
Surreal cornucopia: baggage sophomoric  
Tautology hammers the brain  
The brain raped: religious poison: in  
Oh yes: the scybala in the asyla: hard  
Ax exhibitionist: pointlessly grisly  
All about twats: taut  
Pluck her feathers and flee with glee  
Frisk the rabble giddy  
Gnaw the gristle boiled: pestle the crumbs  
We cease to die by dying: said Webster  
Haunt my solitude  
Ashes felt of monsters: into the wall bled  
Lukewarm phantasmagoria  
Wizardly shapes: seen  
Ace sunken: unleashed  
Coral clasps trustworthy: undersea  
Swimming with my father: upstream

Ride of leagues and leagues: astonishingly glad  
Reef: the fangs the flapdoodle the harvest: a-titter  
A submarine fraught with sniveling fondlers  
Eel coos the rafters as they linger  
Unflinchingly suffer the fraud in silence: baffled  
Pip on the Pequot gashed flogged: flinching  
Thugs: their slanted milks: bull's-eyes  
A commodore's pennant: its capacious accommodations  
Tamed ape apes the harsh witty itch  
Bullfighting is for craven creeps: unwashed  
Bells tolling for another bore: bade him long ago to get lost  
Quarreled over a dinner bill: never spoke again  
Waggyings and fumets (just shits from foxes and does)  
Children are terrible squeakers: squealers  
Tousled they squat in their utmost dampness  
Whitsuntide gesundheit  
Gypsums flaunted: pelted astray  
Philosophical convivial prosopopoeial disposition  
Silkier core of conviction: stroke undreamt  
A cat's paw: scathing  
Ensnared swift scarves: threshing  
Bereft of tough thought: engendered by sheer keen kin  
Loathsome zeal turned lethargic: a dowager  
Bewildered: mild watershed  
Hoary fog where the accursed bud  
Withdrawal of the sheaved: begging  
Agreed: twin cornerstones: musty confrontation  
Bashful scare easy: shirking the law: yanked  
Outspoken growler: wobbles as rubber  
Sleeping rough: vacuous spoils: ruffled

Meek knobby in the ocher of the stolen doze  
Gristle clung to shriveling fins: doctor she's gone  
Contempt deemed: spoilt grievances: blatant ferocity  
Overcrowded: tight: overlaid with pioneers  
Pampered with wages sky-high: at the helm mistrust  
Thrust the trigger: quilts a-throb  
Assorted homilies: mottled scattered chrysalis: throng explodes  
Grueling fodder: trouble in a runcible knot  
Take up the slack: chasm  
Ravenous growth: eschatological  
Thrifty threshold: trigger-happy gumption  
Sneer at the unraveling: tidy splinters: a stickler while he whittles  
A profound portrait painter: berated  
Ugly: at least prosopolepsically speaking  
Gives a wee inch and takes a mighty ell  
Well and what else have you been finding...?  
None but some old sisters in an old maze  
Flock guilt: having aided imperialism in: enormous hoax  
Pimp gypped: interrupted coitus  
Nothing to do with the elderly: I shun them  
Well-connected woman feels guilty about provoking the accident  
Museum of slimy dingy halls difficult to exit  
Indeed.

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## **Under the Olive Tree**

"-I went under the olive tree  
I had my wine and my bread with cheese  
And I started daydreaming  
Under the warmth and the dappled light  
And I entered  
Into the delicious hallucinations  
Where paradises abounded and bubbled  
(&)  
Until it was time to go back home  
With my dubitative step  
Down the country walk  
Thinking what a well replenished day  
And yes  
Yes  
All in the line of a day's work."

\* \* \* \* \*

**Gaze till they to madness run**

## **Gaze till they to madness run**

I'm the omnipotent investigative reporter  
Who uncovers the totality of your life  
The paltriest of your secret dark caves  
Is invaded by my steady all-seeing step.

I've got every detail down pat on my pad  
To the salient facts I'm adding the deepest buried ones  
Painstakingly I'm adding and adding down,  
Nothing escapes me, the joys and the sorrows  
The extreme disappointments above all  
The strange silences, the odd lulls where you  
*Or is it even you*  
*But the crumbling shell of your waning gargoyle shadow?*  
Walk on a void.

Got them all, the smacks of fate  
The leaks of unbeing  
The deadening jolts every time  
That you realize you amount exactly to zilch  
Or rather to even less than zilch, and you doubt  
Do you even exist in any kind of measurable  
Level of exist... *Hey, silly boy! I'm telling you...*

*Hide this, ok?*  
*Unless you want to zap me to hell*  
*Cover - and fast - your murderously radiating insignia.*  
*I can't abide the shine on my too sensitive eyes.*

Little shitty fellow  
I can express you like a piss-vessel

As a bladder, yes, or as a pig  
A piglet squeezed out in my gigantic Jovian hands  
All the wine, and food, and thoughts  
You ever had...  
Come pouring down from the old  
Holes and the spanking new ones.

No sweat.  
Not a ripple the prowess of my prowling prow  
Draws over the scum of this old blood  
To which the few stale drops of your miserly  
Worthless nothing of a body, empty  
Bag of fluff, scantest of hefts,  
Fleeting nugacity, bring but a  
Remote never-noticed shading  
On the faint shivering  
Of a non-descript stain.

---

**let my neck my ass how heavy...**

**(a prose poem for my dear wife Vera Baratinsky)**

As we were getting out of the pub, with my wife already out of the door, talking to somebody, me still inside, a woman came to me with a lipstick on her hand. She'd been talking to my wife. Now she told me: "Here you are, a cocoa-cream lipstick... For your wife to fuck your ass with..."

I said: "*Kam pènjon!*" (which roughly translated means: "Let them hang me; for I can't believe I'm not the luckiest man alive!")

Smiling, I took the lip-rub, the chapstick of cocoa's fat, and went outside. Now I understood why they were laughing and looking toward my side, the woman and my wife, while I was there listening to the deadly boring explanations of a deadly bore about platonic ideas and the inter-atomic sub-particles... They were talking about me and my delicious pseudo-perversions.

As we were walking home from the pub, I said to my wife: "Look what your friend gave us."

She laughed. "I told her how you lately like it for me to fuck your ass with one or two of my fingers, and how your asshole suffers so from the friction of my nails, while I mutter into your ear how my lovers can fuck me for real in the ass (something you've never been and never will be allowed to do,) and how they talk filthy to me while they do, the nasty insults they hurtle at my head while with their big pricks (five or six times bigger than the little shit you call a prick) they hurt my ass, and how I enjoy their fucking though they hurt me, and how you enjoy my fucking and my

repeating to you the repulsive abuse they throw at me: *You like this, don't you, you fucking whore...? I'm gonna fuck your shit out of your eyes; you are nothing but a sorry twat eager to be fucked; I bet this little shit you call your husband would love to see you now, swallowing my come till it comes out of your ears, you disgusting bitch; what a dreamt bounty for the cuckquean.....*, you know, and so on."

My ears were all red. I was so proud of her. And the woman in the pub (how deluded) pitying me (I hope she tells about my enviable plight to as many of her friends as she can.) Nothing excites me more than my wife's wild teasings. I was fumbling with my tiny appendage through a pocket of my roomy pants... She's so masterful in dealing with me, I'm her puppet, her marionette, the strings limp as my wrists... Me following willy-nilly, at a distance, the strings never so taut: she never pulling me nearer than a mile when she's in action, not wanting my impertinence to sidetrack her target-centered pleasure... And yet, she knows, over there I'm her lap-doggie splattering with eager saliva at the mile limit (or more when she travels abroad,) waiting, at her blessed head-bursting return, for the mistress to let drop a drop of her delicious crumbs as they crumble from her overfilled quim or the tiny panties soaked... I'm panting after her stretched holes... I love her smell indeed as she comes back from another tryst, her panties a source of bliss while she snores upstairs and I'm rummaging in the hamper where she's tossed the underwear upon arrival... Ah, and all those months that she doesn't allow me to put the cuckoo cocky anywhere near her, while her holes are all aflame with the fucking of her vigorous fuckers... But then... The great reward. All of a sudden, as is happening this last week or so, she becomes so

charitable, and for instance, as nowadays, she seems to enjoy fucking my asshole with her sharp nails, and deigns to repeat what the fuckers tell her, and how together they occasionally laugh at me...!

She was a bit tipsy tonight. She wanted to go to see some cinema; the three o'clock a.m. session down on the village. We fell asleep on the seats. The music was deafening. The voices carried into our dreams. At five something we were out. Dawn had broken and we were still walking upon the park, a slope it was, full of brush and bushes; I found a drinking pumpkin made of green plastic, with suckers all around the sphere, same sort of sucker you find on the legs of a giant octopus. What we called a gurdy (assuming that the hurdy was the "handle" and the gurdy the "pan" o "pumpkin.") I sniffed inside. I said: "Ugh, the smell! Wouldn't drink that for anything in the world; who knows who's pissed inside..." But then I remembered how I always pestered her when she was just back from some lovers' tryst, begging that she let me drink the dripping jizzm from her twat or her ass, before she went to wash it off at the bathtub, and how she always refused me. So I tried a little blackmailing then: "Unless you let me suck the come from your asshole next time you come back from a fuck with so-and-so, I'm going to take a sip of this..." And I held the pouring tip of the gurdy to my lips. She knocked the gurdy off my lips with a slap. She said, enthusing: "Look at the landscape of the sky! The skyscape, yes... You remember the film...? That wide sky with the spread of spare clouds...? Look now how it interlocks with the actual sky we see from atop here...!"

Panoramic, the semicircle of the sky seen in the film, could be

found now here, as if superposed over the actual sky, with the other half provided by the actual sky, as I say, finishing the circle. I was amazed. How do they do that...? All those men, such great technicians! That's why they are so cocky, so confident; they know how things work, the sky, the cinema, the world, and their pricks are commensurate to their knowledge and savoir-vivre, and that allows them to fuck around, the wives of the deprived chiefly.

What do I know about how to do anything...? My cocky is terribly small, my knowledge nil, my technical prowess a blot on any echt engineer's diploma. Of course my wife fucks around, of course she hardly allows me to smell her twat when she's had her fill outside.

What's a poet good for, worth at...? I said: "There they intersect, the two skies! I've discovered the seams. Over there, the cut on the right, just perpendicular down the magnolia tree: see how the big pale pink flowers at one side and the other of the intersecting line don't rightly fit...? And to the left, the long falling live iron of the thunderbolt, how it twists at one side and the other of the overlaying line in a wrong pattern, the elbows all askew, as belonging to different remote storms...?"

She said: "Boy, are you full of shit."

We had all Sunday before us. I cooked us a hearty lunch, while she had a shower and a nap. I was stirring the ratatouille, and started thinking about that chemical oddity: the spontaneous combustion.

At lunch I was asking her: "Spontaneous combustion, you know. What do you think causes it? Which kind of mishmash howler must provoke it: a clash of which chemicals, you know?"

She sent me a withering stare. I knew she was in a bad mood. Better to shut up. No sex today, no nails up my asshole, no endearing words from her abusive males re-laid to my eager ear. I turned into a maggot. I went into the zombie mode, assuming my robotic situation, a matchstick figure walking to the gallows. I washed the dishes. I spread plenty of foamy antiseptic upon the rugs. I gawked at the birds on the yard with my pirate's spyglass.

I heard the phone. I waited. She was in the bathroom. I picked up the device. The voice of a man, a lover. "Is she home...?"

-Certainly, sir. A second, please.

-Give her a message. So-and-so is waiting for her at Bla-bla street. She knows.

-Ok, thank you, sir; no fear, I will, sir, thank you.

She was glad when I told her. In fascination, I looked at her getting dressed and painted for her lover. I was fumbling with my pesky midget across the threadbare lining of a pocket.

That was the rest of my day. Fumbling and dreaming. Waiting for the early hours of tomorrow, when she'd be back, so exhausted.

There were the poems building themselves in my mind. The fluttering lines... I took a paper. I wrote some of them down.

*-Assuage with the pomade of your tongue the fistulae in her*



*asshole.*

(The pomade of your tongue, the words of the poem...?)

*-Clearwings kittled the cullions of the corpse.*

(I picture myself dead and the ash of her lovers' cigarettes falling on my exposed penetrabilia: so insignificant, so laughable, and now deservedly burned...?)

*-Slimy weave... Woven like lace from her asshole, splendid rivulet of his semen.*

(My tongue a snake's, rehearsing the words of the poem in honor of their love...?)

(. . .)

I had dozed off in the middle of the poem, its embrionic state looming as another child in the womb of my wife - whose that time...? And bound for adoption by whom...? Hm.

(. . .)

[last chance in my life to see them win  
and they blew it.

they fucked it.

oh ah.

no appearance in the annals

no show even in tomorrow's tv:

they would let dangle this bit from the program.

my old playful wife saying again and then again:  
"well, they fucked up  
they really did."

last chance for them to appear in a program  
our grandchildren as the starters  
and...

"they fucked up, fucked up..."  
her voice trailing,  
and then everybody's;  
the whole public joking on the bleachers:  
"they fucked up  
fucked up, fucked up..."

so that now the whole hour of the program  
was precisely that:  
the whole stadium shouting "fucked up, fucked  
up..."  
no use delaying the program,  
nor eating just a fragment off it,  
for the entire program was such a kirmess  
of fucked up wallowing.

that was the fun  
until the end of the hour  
of the swimming championship  
where our grandsons swam  
so badly, oh, so badly  
so badly, though  
a disaster.]

(...)

What was that...? My dream. Something to do with all those wasted spermatozoa...? Each with a face, each its temperament, each a biography...?

The night fell on my head. I was haunted by my customary spirits - the grotesque devils that you can only see during that dark interregnum that bridges sleep and fright. Stochastically dancing, those shady monsters, on the inner wall of your lids. Or worse: on the walls of your pitch dark room, with your eyes feverishly opened, your pupils penetrating like sharp spikes the utter darkness until they crash into their misshapen suddenly lit forms performing their sick shenanigans...

I screamed no, no. I called my mom, my mom.

It was Monday morning already. My wife, whipping herself up and down, dressing for work, letting some florid oaths fly by.

-Dear, I'll do your breakfast. Baloney and cheese...?

-No time for that. My plane's in an hour.

A week later, she told me that, among the crowd of her lovers (for she also imitated the manners of Faustina,) she had found a man so well endowed that...

Despondently I said: "Can't compete with those guys."

She said: "Would you believe it? In the cold of the winter night, the guy complains about the quality of the bed -

sheets and mattress - about some clothes or stuff bunched together, anaphrodisiac bumps, he calls 'em... A bit disappointed, he is."

I said: "Which guy was this guy...?" (for I didn't know there was a new one.)

She said: "Oh, nobody; one I knew at the convention. He wants us maybe to hitch up together."

I thought: *Married away*...? I shriveled altogether inside my clothes. Such an insurmountable bereavement I was the victim of.

I said: "Insurmountable odds. Can't compete with such gifted specimens. I know I'm a poor substitute, but... who else would serve you so well as a simple scansorial implement, and as a contubernial comrade, and as..."

A defiant flash in her eyes. I crouched: "You don't want to hit a nun!" (Only that she probably did, as who wouldn't.)

I was jealous of him. No for his cock, for I loved his cock. But his flair, his fluidity in dealing with the public. "He's another James Bond," she had said, under his spell.

The injurious rays of the silent tv, the smoke, the clop-clop of the horses' hooves... I felt dizzy. "Will you have the house de-polluted from me with a high-powered hose...?"

She said: "What?"

-Sorry, the poison of me, I meant, not really the pollution, if the word incommodes you...

I saw behind her the frames of the two gigantic doors leading to the temple of nothingness: it was one of those types of temples you find sometimes in the middle of nowhere. You climb up there, and there you remain for moths, in a space not wider than your body, flat on the lintel of the stone door; you eat the grubs and the insects that crawl around the ivies and the mosses, and you drink the water of the rain that gathers in the depressions of the stone...

How are those monks or buddhist in Nepal called...? Wouldn't it be fine to be one of them? Oh, see... Here I come, to the stand in the bazaar, a hot bishop at 87, selecting chocolate bars with his daughter and friends; affably buying tigernuts at a booth in a fair; neither bloodied nor hooded, chewing gum not grit, subdued, at peace, unhurt, rebounding beautifully.

A sampler of twats. As long ago, of yore, his wife-that-was also happened to be such a sampler of cocks. He's done well in the publishing world of Nepal and thereabouts, he's the editor in chief, the bishop who nihil-obstats the full amount of stuff comes to the offices of "*The Gyneco-Religionist*" - a specialized magazine - "*All About Cunts*." How the quims stack up against each other. All types and lasts and shapes. A triumph at the newsstand: plenty of oafs leafing at the numbers: stammering approval; their lengthy, delighted oinks inarticulately speaking of unequaled success; thronged, spellbound, seething herds oiling their rusted articulations, dusting the cobwebs off their soaring eyes... How well one feels doing good!

That's it, quit dreaming... No more the handle of her to hold on... Gone the cushion of your legal wife to fall on... She bailing you out every time... In front of the

immigration officers... In front of the thugs at the borders... "Ma'am, are you sure *that* is your husband? How could such a classy beautiful lady as yourself show such poor judgment in the choosing of one's mate...?" I'll have to find a real job; the jig is up.

"Well, sir, your honor," I'm telling the judge, "you see, is like that; though I am not a homosexual, that's what I've become by dint of a major force, if you get my drift, your honor... Now I'm one of those well-intentioned nice boys who suck cocks for the photos and the films; some of us instead have to give blood for money, your honor; you earn your life with what your capacities and what your circumstances decree; there I am, all agape, and when the jig is up I'm down on him; he discharges profusely (in the capacious vagina of my mouth no less); taking milk beats giving blood, your honor, at least accordingly to my admittedly scant wits; they love, all those oafs leafing through the magazines, all those oafs at the picture show house, they love indeed all those milky sperms, or semina, streaming from one's mouth. So poetical, it seems..."

"No, my honor, no!" But he throws me to the dogs.

Here I go, out again, a writer beaten up, who nonetheless vows to continue writing in the sky his quaint novel about key personages (supreme judges and such) in key positions across the teaming cities of the east coast - with their tacky flavors, pleasures, exotic dubious gleams, revealed - roman à clef where as soon as the larcenists' crimes occur, they are written up in a sky language - only the initiates can comprehend its intricacies - no projected letters, just fake clouds stuck with words, later released up to the welkins... Released in all their lambent, lambasting intensity. Everybody with a knowledge of the rules of

skywriting can read the exploding balloons filled with sundry stinging revelations - the exploit of the writer in his prompt cloud-sending is also lauded universally to the skies (by the common people, of course.) The sky's the target for the eyes of those that want to have a handle on what's what. Its letters a boon - a bedazzling miracle indeed. And now we really realize what's happening - (everyone is saying) who's shafting us, and how.

In the throes of guilt, my guts tainted with the bullet lead of ubermensch impunity..., in the guts of the quilt, my throes, as I bemoan, and croak and groan, stabbed by the self-punishment I'm shoehorning into my soul, for how could I be so callous as to... No; even Hercules yields to odds. How could I go against the world...? I submit. I apologize to all and sundry, my honor, I take back each of my inhumane stings... All in a knot, pleading in bulk, pledging my oath... Never to be again so self-derivative...?

And she, meanwhile...? After marrying that successful sadist of a creep; damned impostor; not a puppet, a puppeteer. Slapped, unfree... At home, taking care of the kids, wiping the floors... The girdle stained with indelible blots... Where have all those hot big shots available at every homely trip and every convention abroad gone...? All those James Bonds with their cock at the ready for thee...? Au contraire... Contrary squalls. And with the cold breath of time at the tattered sails of her large, long skirted behind... Alas, now she is a frail grandmother propped with a cane, as a scrawny crane on a high branch: "Sit here and don't move, granny;" but she leans, she falls, she splashes... She's down and no one near. And here's the gray roof of the sky falling on her. Those darned inventions of those young damned Chinese scientists! With a machine to lower ceilings, they've done it, reached

for the stars; reach all you want and then pull back, yes, shit, and what do you get...? All the spiders, hanging, teetering, titillating on your head, millions of them - the shouting, the terror...! The immobility from the paralyzing fright: the attack en masse from the hairy beasties... Your neck under duress, torticollis; your plight wrongly pegged; your haggard, worn out, nagged arm groping in the emptiness, flinching from a nefarious lump of... What's that! It's that my molten hip...? Feels more like a big turd. Age's lamed me, it always hurts like the devil... Woe is me, so low and deep I've fallen, without him, my prop, never malapropping, haven't I...?

And the old house, vacated by the old dame... Who would now buy such a shit? Everything disguised as working and moderately clean, but once you start digging into the grime, worse grime appears, and nothing works: the faucets once opened don't ever shut again, the fetid sink hole is stuck, the shelves fall all over, there are mummies of little boys crammed into the recesses of complaining closets; all those mummies never went to school, they have been sleeping all those decades in filth, with rats and cockroaches; poor mummy boys, never could wash, unless the flooding filthy waters soaked everything; could never have breakfast, with the shelves all collapsed, the food splattered on the floor, feed, fodder and bait for the toothy rodents and the chortling coleopterans...

Let instead the house burn - like next hotel - vacationing, conventioning - trying the photo booth for the elevator - whacking the buttons to no avail - the floor boy telling you: "It's the photo booth, ma'am, sir."

-Fuck, you are right, and we two adulterous galoots taking the flimsy contraption for a fucking lift!



Frustration circling the swamp of your rotting relationship like a hawk in no conciliatory mood.

-Sorry, I'm frightfully superstitious today. Where's the throne? I have to eschew therein my backbone, the backbone with which once, long ago, I throve; indeed, I once thought it was even sprouting wings...

Was I crying? Indeed, shut in the bathroom downstairs, bawling my eyes out, sobbing into the startled trite specters of my utterly depressed handkerchiefs.

Ah, on the wavy meadows above the hills, a quasi silent congregation of all the inhabitants of the surrounding towns - the girls to identify the molesters - I know I'm bound to be one of the fingered; doomed to be shown out - I must smile during the whole of the proceedings, I must put myself as one of the many, incognito, another nobody, mixed among people of my own complexion and style, confidently to the fore, a body is as good as the next, and what the fuck know the silly brainless girls anyway...? Harsh I must become, obscene, specious. Void of angst. Tough as another of those gangsters dare fuck the bourgeois women, and kill the pleading craven husbands into the bargain. Undiscovered ever, were it not even for a gangrel body who has nothing to lose and talks...

So I called one of my goats to me, for I knew them all, and milked her into a wooden bowl. Ah, to swim in milk, like a champion fly...!

I remembered, didn't I, how I found my wife's whole family rummaging in my room; at first I was sympathizing, friendly enough... But then I ordered them

all out; what if the wife had a tumor...? Her gangrel body, yes! Her gangrel body of a gangrenous body aching and hurting all over - she'd mowed my garden to bold places - and left naught - all my odorous plants dead or razed... But she had nobody but me to care for her oozing wounds... Who but me with my artistic taste could chose a better wig for her bald scabby skull...? The fashion in hair topics at the time had to be observed, and to top it all what if it happened to be something as weird as having one's hairs in shags thrown behind, and, on top of the head, a badly shaved half void, in tatters, as if mangy everyone...? Everybody looking repugnantly enough, and smelling hideously too, thanks to those fashionable perfumes...? Well, who better then than me to chose, as I say, with my poetic nose...?

It was me now who rummaged their chambers. I have the old pictures of your mother spread-eagled. Who took them? Either your father, or a previous lover, or the fake agent who pretended she had actress or model potential, of whom she always spoke dreamily afterwards, saying (ever I heard it) that carrying you as a fucking fetus marred her figure for ever more...?

A pall of purple suddenly fell, engulfing everything; the little bits of wan dough-people melted in the unwieldy murk. Afraid to the core, I was shouting for my mother.

My wife forced the door.

Top citizen of earth, emeritus meritorious shapely one, daughter of god, immune to the frothing glitches beleaguer us commoners, mired in dread. Bestow on this finicky flunkey a modicum of circumspection, so that he'll be able at least to beseech thee with his obnoxious dull verbosity

stilled somehow... Would that I could add some interwoven songs of the linnet withal...!

And forthwith I acted, I compelled my abject woes to meekly be dislodged from the festering corners of my mouth.

She said: "What's that?"

I said: "A charnel-house habitué hasn't seen more horrors than I saw during those two last nights that you were conventioning in frozen Geneva. In ravenous dearth of tepid company, I rattled like the dying snake of my strangulated neck."

-Your what?

-Are you gonna marry this enormously endowed guy...? Are you tossing me into the inbred garbage cesspool of nevermore?

They laughed! They laughed, and I knew their quims were therefore soaking wet; women's quims humidify the more mightily the heartier the laugh - crying obtains the same result - the fact is I love it when they cry; the wilder the tear, the more productive the lovely vaginal secretions: all so mish-mashing, the cunt wet-tissimo, and the stewing, the taste, the smell!

Hamstrung witling, I smiled, my homespun ears a chintzy red, knitted in a motley of foolish tatters, stewing themselves, fuming with inklings of revelation, sworn to boomings and beyond, their edges nibbled by alternating squads of the heathen mice of friskiness. I'm a little naughty boy. My asshole itches, wants to be slaughtered

by the grumpy nails of the crucifier, the punisher, the great fucker goddess herself.

She was showing me the cream of cocoa lipstick. Who'd be so damned daft as not taking the cue? I dug not in, but vividly I leapt and flew, my trousers down to my ankles.

-Coo-coo, Jack Cuckold; coo-coo, Jimmy Wittol, look what I've got...!

The magic wand from the pub fairy godmother shone enticingly from two of her strong long-nailed fingers. I was spying from a chink among the layers. I was buck naked, shrunken under the sheets.

She screamed: "Come this instant!"

And I almost came.

She said: "We might, I thought, be passing over the surface of your anus or some other far bizarrer smooth planet where sin had never alighted, and therefore no fucking redeemer, thank god, had to either."

She repeated: "You like that, don't you, fucking whore...?"

She said, more or less, or else is the poet in me slightly elaborating: "Indulge, my racy pet, in the smooth pleasures of this nutritious little dildo. Wince in lucid fondness at the vicarious ordeal for soon all your coy comfy universe will crumble into an outrageous cataclysm, and you'll be ravished in whole pageant by the forked scepter of the aggressor - same, alas, as your poor virtuous wife does suffer daily the cocks cuntwise, and this most underhandedly, for when she feels best at ease

and utterly and rhythmically contented, the steel crested cocks, without warning, turn evil and bristly, and pierce asswise, flanked in their savage attack by the foul thunder and fury of the blaspheming gigantic devils their lords, bent on mayhem, and who, as I was saying, fuck her hard they really do do, boy, and how!"

She said: "Does it hurt enough, greedy little shit? Is your cunt stretched as wide as it can get and more now...? Should we rake a little harder, filthy dirty whore, with the steely crests leering at the fore of our forked fingers, and cruelly bent on paining the fuck out of your non righteous rectum...?"

When out of smutty ideas, huskily I gave her pointers. My vocabulary being vaster.

Until, demurely, I only piped: "Ow, ow." So gratefully.

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**3 filing fast**

**Three clownish departures**

**Funky guy Fred**

He tries so hard, he carries on trying... The agitator, wielding his monkey wrench. Cernuous, headstrong, corpulent, burning like lit punk, choking with rage. To harm, by word or deed, as many people as he possibly is capable of laying his drawn talons on. The vixen and the jackal, his mother and dad, unworthy, cursing the failed cornucopia from where the firebrand sprang, shocked, went up in a plume: they had gassed themselves in their kitchen which forthwith exploded anyway.

The earthenware pipkins therein, you got quaint fragments of them up the roof of the church's pinnacle, and some humbler bits of their skulls stood on raining over the village, scantily enough (now a sliver, now another,) for months on end. Or that was the pious belief, at any rate.

Blurry science, oratorical fifying, plus philosophical and moral expositions and discourses - sermons mostly - expounded for years, after expanding on the plight of the perjured parents, the rude-rife theories about the generation of a monster such as this. Engendered, it was said, by retrocopulants, one of which with a prehensile phallus, and so on, products of nystagmatic frenzy, dreams of rutting stoats and retting stinkers and rotting cunts. Where the contorted arms of a swastika turned into two persons of the same sex going at it like damned acrobatic stick devils.

He looked almost always sullen and quite severe, even a little bit frightening, though at home he often loosened up indeed. He'd mix suet and creosote, and stripping down to nothing, on the buff, he'd skinny-dip and flip and slide on the unbreathable fatty rills on the floor. He, inherited from his mom, who had still a denser tuft, sported (always vilely smeared) at the end of his spine (guarding his beguiling asshole, plugged by the prehensile doodad of his genitor, it was rumored afterwards,) a tuft of thick hairs where his tail had been meant to be. He had such a tantalizing address sliding on the fetid agar-agar on the floor of the living room, as to seem a golliwog basking on the brake.

Parsimoniously, for the scents were dear, the poor engenderers spread, through a spraying receptacle of which they had one each at hand, attar and other flowery oils - for, as it was notorious all over the neighborhood, the infant (and then the youngling and later still the youth) stank, in perfect mimicry of the skunk who basks in his own shit or the hoopoe who on a manure pyramid ass-wise nudges her fledglings to the least chafing areas of dung.

He's eaten plenty of pungent rubbish for the oblique length of his

existence. A succession of infectious highly pyretic outbreaks was his lot as he grew up - he should have been a runt, but he thrived on filth and became a giant. Terrible corruptions of his innards ensued after his basking on the shits. His teeth and bowels rotted away. Now he is aware of the reaction (the flanges of the vents on everybody's noses cannot help but flail in disconcerting agony) on the part of his supporters every time he unwittingly vents the worse of his guffaws, and therefore avoids to show, for as long as he is able, any kind of merriment or public enjoyment.

Funky guy Fred and his conceivers for a while had a pact, how d'you call it, an understanding. He had to bring some kind of funds for his keep - that's to say, if he wanted to crash and grub in their nest, he had to make some kind of coin clink into the kitty, ok? So he haunted the subterranean metro stations. He'd hide behind the piles of slag with which the engines were fed, and he would suddenly appear, very aggressive, maybe with a female companion or two, also malodorous, also ugly, also criminally bent, and they would raze the platform, they would stick their hands into the pockets of the bewildered patrons. Shameless, obnoxious, repugnant beggars, they would claw at the insides of every pocket while the people so attacked couldn't react in time, too befuddled by the stinks and the aspects and the ferocity of the raiding party. Plus each of the assaulters carried old umbrellas, with very pointy, honed, rusted tips, very akin to spears to spear people through with. And with those coins he lived for years comfily at home, in fact until he was thirty plus or so.

Then, as that bogus fellow Christ, he went it alone. Alone with his disciples, of course.

First, most of his pleasures he had to savor in private - alone, poor little old liar - for his parents would literally smell any single one of his putrid pals, and forthwith kick her (or rather him, another of those bloody pogrom-prone catamites most likely,) out with awful remonstrances. Then, one day, as his dad stumbled, by some inadvertency, upon one of those rare girls, who was, at the moment, oddly bathing, and as the dad saw the grime of the erst haggard nymph now thawing out and he grew consequently fonder of the spectral apparition by the second, and as his prehensile phallus was up to tricks and the girl faked to be up to playing with the repulsive snaky staff of the oldish fellow, he (Fred) played instead the appalled, enraged, upright citizen up for the defense of a maiden in distress at a solitary crossroads where on the sly an ogre was preying on a rape-suitable patsy, and voilà, he gave his dad such a correction that the unfortunate cripple never could engage his prehensile handle again around any of the sticks that held the panels of coruscating signs offering directions to all vaginal travelers.

Since then the vixen, Fred's mother, never felt again the jackal's snake

rummage up her siphon in search of awkward or secluded spots, for unknown coves and unreachable beaches. Her womb, now become an antechamber of frozen cadavers, withered. Naked to their worst incompetences - their skins ragged ravaged canvasses through which peeped crossbones - Fred's parents despaired. "*Our bones walk us*," they moaned, shufflingly stalking one another, down the encumbered boulevards their house was now plagued with - for the disciples had come in droves and all their plunder was discharged pell-mell - Babylonian piles - at the first empty or semi-empty location they happened to stagger upon. They were there (destructive anarchists) to acquire new curlicuing decorations from the dangerous acid of spit plus other goos inaugurated from the mouth (and spouts) of the gifted haranguer.

In the fateful kitchen, ah, the winter steamy gas of pyrotechnics! Bomb building a must. All was there for them alone. "*Buildings apocalyptically fuck the fields*," they were told. And they didn't want the erstwhile pristine fields any longer fucked. Those buildings had to jump. And jump spasmodically indeed.

The doomed conceivers in the meanwhile found themselves marooned among mountainous scraggs of revealing, reverberating moraines. The advancing glacier of the squatters' appurtenances would soon have swallowed them whole. "*To our great detriment, every crag of our countenances had become a screaming denunciation*," they would've written had they found with what (other than a infirm turd and a mirror).

Fred sent his disciples (females or female-impersonators all as it happened) on sticky missions. She (the terrorist girl) is careful in arranging herself to the quiet surroundings so that nobody can catch her red-handed in the beautifully spectacular mischief. She does this either by going there under the cloak of darkness or by providing herself with some ironclad excuse as to why she could be found precisely that second at precisely that spot so mournfully walking by herself, brimming moreover with all kinds of unwarrantedly guilty self-exonerations. Then, this instant when she is absolutely sure no animal alive is able to watch or even surprise her while she is mired in the thick of the felony - in other words, when she is confident nobody will witness how she is committing her marvelously cowardly action - then is when she rapidly juggles the writing on the walls.

This she wrote:

**"My peruked ambition**



*Guarding.*

*But what. Guarding something big, walled. On the thickest side.  
Guarding a castle, a palace, a museum. Old stuff, not too alluring.  
A far unimportant wall with nary an opening.  
I'm taking long pisses, I'm always retiring, past the corner,  
To the dark. I'm reading long novels on the sly. I'm  
Strolling leisurely, watching the birds, the leaves,  
The snowflakes, the petals, the butterflies...  
I'm dozing with a shoulder leaning on the unflinching wall  
The remaining of my allotted... Passing the time in peaceful  
Useless anonymity."*

A subversive poem the merchants can't stomach. Who could, such a horrendously unpalatable & Such a counterindicative pill of maleficent unpoisoning. And what a frontal attack to their values of non-reticence as pertains to spending for the sake of such. The tenets of what they hold most sacred mocked. It disparages acquisitiveness and ceaseless consumption of worthless, maliciously created necessities that choke the gristles and deaden the living tissues of the mortified bodies that would free themselves from the strangling vice of acquiring for no other purpose save the fact that they were cunningly instructed to, bunch of dickshit zombies. "*Worst crime committable*," they wring their long-nailed hands, and pull their hairs in agony, "*is an anti-advert of consequences most devastating; imagine in terror the pains of withdrawal a naïve youth would incur if heaven forbid should follow the diabolical injunctions and quit shopping for garbage. Schooled (since his first breath somewhat drawn) in the addictive, drug-fiendish frenzy for purchasing.*"

The clandestine versifier will be tortured, and forthwith shall die a most a propos death. Impaled atop de lit beating pictograms. For all her misleading indications, and garbling of clues, for all her unhealthy infection of minds up till now so contented, she...

"*Burn, barn, burn!*" - they puerilely chant, the businessmen killers, anapestic, getting rid of the antimercantile pest, "*burn, barn, buuurrrnnn!*" And that's what they do, they burn the old barn (and later they'll impute the feat to the terrorists,) with the slowly impaled poetesses inside, and all those by her so much loved animals, only the too exhausted, for a fact, though, of course, the too exploited, the burned out - can't extract a single stunted egg more from them, so now they are tortured once again yet, sacrificed in the worshipping temple of greed - only god the hucksters acknowledge, though hypocritically they (with their prehensile dinguses of a tongue each, each couple coupling in the

swastika position indeed) pay homage to the cruel self-righteous gods of lying priests, their accomplices in the selling of nothing - nothing, and yet so dearly paid by us - we clowns thus claim - with our warped from infancy, messed forever lives.

If you find a vandalized panel full of coarse pleasantries, you will only ignore it and follow your way, but if an arrow in a panel has been deceptively turned around on its wrong end, or a warning has been removed, or a single letter has been put upside down, and a word that faced left now faces right, so that "*no way*," has been distorted into "*on you may*," or better: "*one may&*" and you follow it to your death down some abyss, you've been had again by one of those brilliant ubiquitous ads.

How were the executioners to strike the hearts' jaded chords with proper wit and humor, supposing any (stab at humor) was left untapped in a world without secrets, brimming instead only with awful verities everyone was manifestly eager to flee from&? Hum, here was the sparkling rub, indeed. What to sell furthermore with the images of the barns burning. The sheer swelling, the continuous flammulation of the blaze inspiring maybe the last tumescences left between some moribund's flaking thighs... Again the acceptable parliamentary harmony that convinces the mob the most far-fetched imbecilities are what is imprescribably desired... Where to find, both serendipitous and dogheaded, the oomph needed to operatively elevate the highly transmogrifying verb of the flames, yeah? That spume of elegies which very iridescence spelled such passionate self-assurance, oh, talisman of credibility that one day had enhanced, soul by soul, the whole ascending chamber of listeners...? How... How to repeat the irrepressibly irreplaceable&?

This they were plotting, while Fred there he kept, ensconced, by himself, in a narrow land of hopelessness that was fast becoming storm-eroded. A flick of metasome flew away, as flint percussed. His bed of reduced linen and muslin smelled of recent cinders now. "*The boss is also burning*," he heard the concerned voices at his withering ear. He felt himself being felt up, as if he were just a beginner, a young professional, craving for preferment.

His liquefying pool was peopled by creatures still propelled by pointless conspiracies, by paltry collusions of pedantic prides, a dreadful cocktail of sundry enemy twins wallowing in boiling water. "*The small boss went up to her rip and roamed along the caves, wherein he neatened nothing, just browsed, as lamas and moa love to do; hand it to her, she never gave out a chirp, but now, that almost thirty years have gone by, and the small boss is retiring, will she be so craven as to recriminate upon him for what he did&?*" The parties of politesse colossal, of conceit limitless, the flowing nankeen robes so auspicious for the perfidious feel, the

confident contemporaneous set listening to the demeaning hymns,  
rumbaing to them with miens ecstatic.

And Fred, his burned lungs splintering, his splintering ulna up his  
rectum, an enema of sorts, the splinters of bone razing the lining - huge  
groans heard - wanly latched on to them with ears withered, while the  
partying set is jamming underneath, senile devils, their elderly parents  
with them, the pointy elbows whacking around for room, the aromas  
something else, perfumes of agony - in order to own some of our most  
spoiling gizmos the set must monkey the clients, do as the clients do,  
singed lungs and all, insane shrieks and all, trade names that are sky cries  
of rallying of the faithful, less..., adjust the gears, the gauges, less, I want  
to hear less... I want out of the jolly reunion. And yet why am still I  
howling for morphine...?

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## **Second departure**

Whisper it truculently as if the gleam of a pearl has been usurped  
That the apocalyptic prospect of a protruding tumescence  
That randomly splinters into corneas, retinas, and spasms of sneering  
Tangential philanthropy, while you are ceremonially brained  
Is the intimate consistence of complete silence  
That notwithstanding all our tacit ovarian longing  
The previously seen eagle was but a slice of tomato flying askew  
That the subsumption of the symptomatic is akin to  
The insidious cud never even met, and yet sworn as  
Graphics to the blind clue.

Doomed to prurient pretense, to pretend indeed at competitive bids  
Thrown at greedy, misrewarded counterparts of a somewhat opposite  
Sex, let's say, for the idea's sake, a dreadless half-dozen  
Of vapid nymphomaniacs whose survival depends on a few  
High-strung platitudes, everyone of them another banal ally  
Eager to give a shit, rolling her sleeves up, each with vast cinctures  
Of resourceful bliss; nothing debunks such a mood

If they are up to the job, and you fondle and ride them  
At appointed trysts.

All this preempts easier encomia  
Only the brittle loci of envy and jealousy now to climb out of.

Insofar as this calculated comportment evokes also the evolving  
Redemptive moltings of the reptile, all disapprovals dissolve  
Into what's "natural," "normal," "current," "vital," "organic,"  
In a word "female."

You've saved yourself an awful series of sessions where  
You were reviled to irrecoverable lengths, plus were exposed  
To quite an array of pernicious beliefs enacted by toughs that now  
Really got sinister, as those patrols of the skies that rain death  
On you all, another population terrorized by the fucking virtuous  
Before you've reached the cumulative grueling ontological temptations  
Of sweet senescence.

Sweet senescence, indeed, and its unsexy temptations  
The engines of metastasis.

All the sardonic haggling, with "*honeysuckle that*," and "*don't be  
Such a tease, and do your sheer gorgeous routine this*," and "*be petty  
and rough*  
*When trampling on my archaic turgidity, please*," abandoned as the  
Tormented moths of love.

The rusting nails of unscrambled rapport  
The moldering craven levity of two hearts of molten cheap tin  
Drowning in the wells of frustration.

You do relinquish all congruence and approve instead  
Of almost anything, any old crap that now enthralls you  
The weave of a nastily pubescent felt hat  
A prestigious non-verbal dexterity to turn clichés  
Into impish idling wit, the proof being in the constructing  
Of now mental aridities: "*Look at the weave  
Look at the weave, the waft and web, the woof,  
The grain, the nap...*"  
Turned yourself into a regular fetishist indeed  
"*Of that nastily pubescent felt hat...*"  
A clownish fetishist who struts hilariously insipid  
Down the aisles of  
The aisles of  
The aisles of bone hidden in the cancer epigrams.

What's that? A tinge of hideous hisses at the end  
As you grieve and simultaneously  
And simultaneously  
And simultaneously vigorously root  
For the mean tricky virtues to finally  
To finally  
To finally screw up the totality, screw it up  
And here comes the whole crew  
Shout once  
Shout once again  
Again  
They haven't heard  
Obey all, you all  
Mincing choir of wincing grubs  
Obey  
Obey all.

---

### **Third departure**

Stochastic, fragmented steps towards the exit. To the moldy stacks of books where disappearance is sweet. Ah, being leafed by the odd virgins' clean thin fingers. My life slowly burning in the thrilling Lenin kilns. Relics of exotic languages skipping over the gray waters of my cooling back. Every book a livid beige of dried pulp. Moths in abundance, or flakes.

Ah, the bliss of going under - then, underneath, ha! - flummoxed by the humorous gait adopted by the clusters of offal - somehow militarized into battalions - leaves pulverized underfoot - the proceeds from the circus in my deadened carcass - raucous laughter - the payment in excess of what one certainly expected - far from the sobbing conflagrations vomited by

fools - all that gruel oozing now from the rickety counterpane, by clonic spasms grieved - my sore talons sorting among the crumbles - drawing arguing petroglyphs on the rubble - with sharpened nails...

This time I'll go deep and I'll fetch the cold slimy heart that aches at the end of my lost traffic under the wet heavy counterpane - this time the cinders shall take shape, and the slug of my soul shall emerge clenched by my crippled claw. An invading criminal flock of grasping clutching cranny-pecking birds - that's the last item I shall feel merging with the burning moths of my closing blindness.

Despondent structure of the nightmare - forlornly spinning as I rode astride the spluttering worm whose heels trip on the wavy ropes of yawning limbos - and falls, splattered, and falls, scruffy, bedridden, bathed in snowflakes of curdling incense turned fetid - the macabre quilt tinged with shriveled fickle phlegms that figure ominous armies subsumed in the dusk behind the cliffs, where the embers linger, ravens and banshees lurking at the threshold of the ravines - the bamboos fluttering fringes, mangy tassels, inky grisly silks worn by ugly revengeful strumpets whose dreamvoices upbraid the abject botanist, a thief sleek as a sloe who roams the ditch and steals the choicest books, the tenderest flowers, the herbs miraculous, the hypnotic weeds that once taken, you sank into oneiric crack-climaxes that brought rapt metamorphoses - the gruesome aesthetics of the dream patching like glistening flak the cuirass of your peeling skin.

Long-leafed laurels overhead - while scanning their headlines - "*postcoital colliders, particle chitchats*" - the blundering rings on my skeletal fingers start to reciprocate - with which irksome acuity their energy fields impeccably battle - the capsized funnels of my late sanity inaugurate the bromidic eidola which my catatonic self blithely sows - worse: vomits - sons of bitches, I am a regiment of nystagmatic clowns - damn "funny" weaklings who peddle their Levantine crap gambreled as tattered empty puppets from a clothes hanger, insisting their debts to society are both "slight and speedy" and that their is "no compensation available in the dismaying void of our disrepute."

With the fast ebbing stamina of a cripple whose effort at mending the unrepairable helm ends in a sprained core of disease, it is my ultimate folly to rebuff the crutches and...

Crash.

---

## **Agape with the boss**

## **Conversations with the machinist**

Well, of course, though he had not a penny in his pocket, he went inside the house. "The lot must go. All as marked. Furniture and wieldy items priced individually." It was already the last hour, so the throng had thinned. Any thing at all worth anything must have been snatched long ago. "Downstairs, everything in the drawers goes for a dollar." "Middle level, everything in the drawers goes for a dime." "Upstairs, everything in the drawers, a penny." He climbed to the last floor. The drawers were practically empty; still he rummaged where everyone had rummaged before. He was tempted by a keyholder in a corner of a bottom drawer. Not to buy it, mind you; just to stealthily slip it into a pocket. But what for...? He had no key to attach to any keyholder - it would have been just more dead weight. He took off as light as he'd come in. Three Polish ladies, though, had come out rather loaded with stuff. One of them smiled to him. "Are you also going to the bus stop?" She asked of him, with a heavy accent. He lied: "I

certainly do." "You wouldn't mind helping me with this two little parcels, would you? A strong young fellow like you." He, of course, agreed; acquiesced, so willingly, adding a few little reverences with his head. The lady gave him two big packages. A chocolate cake, a box with just-worn-once shoes inside. Traudlclitza her name was, the blond plump white fortyish lady. Over the bridge Traudlclitza noticed her two friends, that had kept on walking as she was negotiating with him the carrying of the big parcels, noticed them down by the river, with their skirts up, cooling their legs and thighs, their parcels on the shore, at hand. "Oh, let's!" said his lady. And he had to carry all of the parcels, lest she should slip and fall, as they were carefully trundling down the bank. "He'll watch all the packages," Traudlclitza arranged. And so the three ladies could go inside the middle of the river, where the water was deeper, without fear of having their goods stolen by any slithery thief. None of the three wore any panties. Their skirts they held with one hand above the navel. Her three cunts talked marvels about the miracles of nature, and their white plump asses shone like three beautiful moons. His cock was shooting for the moon. They were going to miss the bus, though, crazy broads. They put back their shoes, they were, they said, thoroughly refreshed. Now they walked fast, he loaded more than ever. Traudlclitza carried not an item. The other two, somewhat miffed that he couldn't carry any of their parcels, kept apart, all of a sudden lagging behind. He wouldn't hear the spikes of their shoes resounding behind him any more, he stopped, and gyrated - yes, they had gone, through a sidestreet no doubt. Traudlclitza said: "Never mind the bitches. We'll go to the station, to catch the train, too late for the bus." At the station, she pays for her ticket. He accompanies her to the car. She installs all her parcels on the rack above her seat; the chocolate cake,



starting to melt, he wraps an antimacassar he swipes from another seat around it, tells her to discard the wrappings under the seat once she arrives at the station and her husband picks her up. Now he kisses her cheek. "See you, Trau" he says, "I'll try to reach your point of destination, I'll see you there again if I manage." He has no money to buy a ticket himself, but the woman likes to flirt, perhaps he'll get lucky, once he knows where she lives, say tomorrow, when the husband leaves for work, and he knocks at her door... He climbs to the tender, he lies down among the chips - it's a wood-burning locomotive still. He tries to doze off but two thieves climb to the tender also, pursued by the police. One of the thieves tries to become him, while he must become the thief. And the police shooting helter-skelter already. He refused to become a victim, paying for someone else's crimes. He slips off the tender through the other side, and runs. He runs fast, he carries nothing in his pockets, no ballast, no dead weight. He walks along the rails. If he walks fast enough maybe he can arrive with the train or a little bit before? A rampart grows suddenly on the sides of the track. It's a parapet or a wall that starts small but becomes so high he is afraid. For he's started walking on top of the parapet but now he's afraid of falling into the chasm where the tracks run. He decides to climb down and walk along the side of the tracks, inside the wall, that now is more than six feet high. Either they had repaired the parapet recently or they had even built it anew: the cement at the foot of the parapet is still wet. It's becomes more and more difficult to advance. The feet sink into the mass. He wants to go back then, but now the train is coming. He's trapped, he's bound to get crushed by the side of the sweeping train. He watches the wall for traces of gratings and scrapings from the excess metals at the sides of the cars of the train. His feet are sinking. He's a statue that could nonetheless lay that side

or that, where the scrapings on the wall are less obvious. He knows he's dead. The locomotive's showing its ferocious lights. He waves, he flounders, his arms white semaphores. The machinist guiding the fuming locomotive seems to have seen him. The machine noticeably slows. It stops at hardly the distance of a span from his naked chicken of a body. "What's the idea, bum?" asks the steam engine driver.

Well, you see, and he starts rhapsodizing about a hidden treasure and he on a quest... Counting his steps, losing count, losing notion of place and time, too enthused with the mystical, stony, philosophical hounding... Socrates, the engine master, says: "Spare us the shit, get your ass out of here fast; I'm on a schedule don't you know."

He's feet are stuck, he's sunk up to his knees almost, already. "Give us a hand," he pleads. "What's in it for us?" the driver wants to know. "Haven't got a sou," he answers.

"Well, I'm fond of eyelets."

"Eyelets? You don't mean the malodorous ones thereabouts where the bodily sewage taints the underpants...?"

"Flawless reasoning thine, mate," said Socrates.

He was rescued minus the shoes. His feet stuck now on the platform, he was irrumated while the train uncoiled. The starveling scalawag was given afterwards a slice of rough spelt bread, while the appeased machinists ate the Polish lady's chocolate cake. Their tongues forgot thus the bum's bum's taste.

He had sucked instead some water (otherwise destined to become noble steam) from the spout near the gauges, while they, Socrates and his discolored pal, had strong wine from tanned pouches that they squeezed like teats of Polish plump ladies.

Something he said, too gravely probably, about the strange complexion of Socrates' pal, made him the laughing stock for the nonce. Then he mistakenly enquired, too jocosely probably, about the ambiguity of their vice. He got rebuked and execrated, then almost asphyxiated, and was told about: "What about his own vice for being poor...?", before he was finally kicked out, as the train slowed going up and there wasn't any parapet now, just meadows in the dark. The fire had departed straightway. He was alone, though his eyelet was well cleaned at least, rimmed, double-rimmed clean, cleaner probably than the Polish lady's, even if she'd had that erotic bath with her two friends in the old river. Mocking cries of night beasts couldn't then discourage him from masturbating. He wouldn't want to remember the coarse tongues of the machinists, no, not those infamous tongues that... But he came remembering the tongues. Next morning his desiccated milk was smelling bad; he quickly found some aromatic herbs to erase the marks, he said: "Lest a pack of lubricious hounds hasten towards me... I wouldn't want to be eaten raw and seasoned only with the aromatic herbs that wiped my desiccated milk that the tongues of the drivers elicited all because I followed the dream of the Polish grace whose clandestine chocolate cake didn't manage to pass muster - much like my sorry trip."

Barefoot, he then walked. Morning had broken. He spied roundabout, peering at the several horizons, in search surely of habitation. He had to make his mind, again.

---

**His presence eventless**

**His presence eventless**

There's death at the knocker.  
He comes in relentless.  
Don't answer the fucker!

Fed up with the stalker,  
So slimy, not scentless.  
Here's death at the knocker.

Takes us for a sucker;  
His knocking be endless,  
Why flatter the fucker?

Vile bothering mocker,  
Cajoling, but friendless.  
There's death at the knocker.

Life, he wants to pluck 'er  
Roots and all, consentless.  
Don't let in the fucker!

That should be a shocker:  
His presence eventless.  
Yeah, death's at the knocker,  
Let's ignore the fucker!

---

*Through the dances to the stillness*

**Through the dances to the stillness**

Murky world.

Walking in a park adjoining my home

I've found some stamps

That now abruptly somebody deems valuable

For with his son he is obdurate on recovering

Them from me, though I maintain that I never

Found the fuckers.

They say they'll fight me to death

They'll burn the house down

Kill all my plants and birds

Unless the stamps are handed over.

Which stamps...? I walk along the park

With my stick and I try to keep the path

Clean by sweeping under the brush the unseemly

Garbage, what do I care about little squares

Of gaudy images..., and I'm armed anyway.

The dance, I say, shall be jolly if ever undergone

Once underway a hoot no doubt

I see it already: such hilarity.

Murky world.

And last year's wash is still hanging outside.

After I've tried as well as I could

To hang up the long wet carpet

Today I retrieve last year's washing on the line –

Your lingerie, my suspenders, and so on...

Roils the cold still air the passing tramway

Where our last trip shall commence

I can make up words of rhyming verses

With the rhythm of its claptrap-claptrap advance...

The jerky witty dance indeed

Is underway in my head.

Murky word.

After the eviction

Following the crisp roads

Toward the mountains yonder.

With my sky blue motorcycle and a mattress

And some deep blue pillows

I'm trying to make it across the country home.

As I've stopped to replenish the bike's tank

And with a quick sandwich maybe my stomach

I can't keep an eye both onto the mattress

And onto the bike itself.

After a moment, as I'm chewing and looking

At the sunny courtyard

I notice that the bedding of the mattress



Is all gone: the topaz sheets, the pillows

The thin brown blankets.

There are customers on pillows, true

There are resting workers

Lazily stretched along the shadows

The building provides

But I'm gaffing continuously

None of the deep blue pillows

Upon which they lean are really mine

I've got to apologize every time after my query

And in a good-humored way.

Sounds of the same music again.

Again the joyful but ludicrous dancing on the court.

Murky world.

On with the farce

And the arrival again postponed.

**Hanging wormy pelt**

*can't bark, can't bark*

here, projected, is my body...

what a roaring scent,

what a roaring scent it lets fly...!

is dead...,

is dead and rotting...

in its murkiness,  
a sparkling maggot  
scoffs at my swift  
deterioration...

calls me a rustic,  
a no class churl,  
no finesse whatever  
in the liquefying arts;  
such a crying, such a bore,  
such a boor, such a crying  
inability to render oneself,  
or at least to render  
graciously oneself  
back to the clean humus,  
such as one always  
certainly should...

and now in her smugness,

she shrieks...

a corpse beetle

lands in her field.

the sparkling maggot

bristles most aggrieved.

fetid quills are crossed,

the fierce adversaries

disregard the juicy meal

of my body...

rotting fast.

lugubrious, the victor

the vanquished devours

as any mother would

her gutsy abortion.

as the sparkling beetle

now flies away,  
my body, a derelict,  
a sinking deserted wreck,  
melts with...,  
melts with the sea.

the sea, a juicy...,  
a juicy meal  
from a bigger corpse yet.

the sea harmonious,  
the warring...,  
the warring oceans cacophonous,  
the blue, the blue...

Hats

--

*About hats severally worn by the born*

(1)

these are the hats I wear

the hats people forget

at my side

whenever I'm sitting

at the brinks

of abrupt

precipices.

these are the hats

nipped and scratched

often too deeply

just maybe as the people

who wore them

and gave them up.

those are the exhausted

supernumerary hats

I find after the people

who forgot them behind

suddenly up and decided

to jump

or else

step leisurely

into the ravine.

those are the hats I wear

as unwearable maybe

as the people

who left them behind

people who up and marched

with a will toward the abyss.

those are the hats of people  
some of whom were allowed  
to descend flight by rough  
and jagged and craggy flight  
to their uppermost bliss  
while others were forbidden  
the luxury  
and had to leave behind  
(with their derelict hats)  
those excess years  
and riches and felicities  
and their droves of children  
in a spasm.

those are the hats I wear  
as those that wore them  
up and disappeared  
down the chasms  
and forgot them  
near where in his secluded niche



the surrogate wearer waits

and waits...

as the master winds

blow up the world

as the master

blower blows up

a crude bottle

where the scene

could be

before shattering

condensed...?

(2)

before my stunned eyes

a hat blew in the storm

I was disoriented

strange city

heavy rowdy traffic

blinding gaudy lights

I had been eating grapes

with the friendly inhabitants

of a crumbling house

deep pools of rain

where the rats wallowed

but now we needed bread

to eat with the remaining grapes

and I was so disoriented

emerging into the busy artery

I didn't know where to turn

the smells were injurious

the lights hurtful

the dislodged hats blew around

and about

whirlpools of incongruous objects

in eddies of splintering hats

the crazed cars

rammed down dogs

and pigeons

and tykes

and left those unspeakable messes

behind

so that new cars rapidly

passed above

and with a vengeance

trying to obliterate the hideous

soilage

the revolting outrage

I was utterly disoriented

the offensive smells

the garish neons

the clattering stabbing hum

I submerged myself back

meanwhile

and when even without a puny loaf

underarm

I reached again the dilapidated house

new lodgers were busy about

and worst

putting in new shiny appliances

were

the rude bullying servicemen

who chased me away

like another grubby

discarded

putrefying hat.

**poem impr(poop)mptu**

*How does one explain the following?*

brunt of collision

cunt of brunette

nest of trucksters

streak of snot

tons of critics

crowns of tricksters

Who would pay (with crowns) for such cheap fare? An accident depicted with the aid of secretions....blood....mucus...menses...spleen....

Not worth, not worth. Damned critics, always exalting streaks of dreck.

**impropt(ootyournhorn)**

*What's the meaning of that? Visions galore.*

an ideal adventure  
a perfect appointment  
solace to groin

crosseyed invasion  
black black black  
murder in Avalon  
isle of the bored  
bring me a burnt cannibal  
a dead cat  
dead dead death no remedy  
the cauldron - its stench  
dirty emperor dead  
framed in undying twilight  
kiss du jour  
the lady thrown into the pyre  
Laura Laura Laura  
pain of noise  
bout of nausea while leaning on knob  
the empire levelled then  
moonlight deadly  
the knob of night  
odd man that walks into the red sun  
red sun red sun  
walks in  
back back  
back into his round room  
runs shakes  
frisky showgirls smile  
is it his last dream  
a starship a starship  
alights in suburbia  
the crew all teeth  
teeth teeth teeth  
ah cruel sea of their gasteropodous mouth  
escapes suddenly  
legs legs legs  
the next girl  
short span  
the knob activated the ray  
the ray the ray  
she's hit limps falls  
the man the man the man  
into the snake pit in a tangle  
a bunch a mess  
ah unfaithful nature  
how strange unfair our treatment  
yes a far from ideal  
a far from ideal adventure all told

And next a new page? Apparently. But who am I to judge?

## **s(knob)bery of the flesh**

*Still puzzled by all that, bodies with legs waning, melting as icicles, gone,  
renounced, irretrievable as the past.*

knob of flesh  
frightened stick of dynamite  
persuasive pumice  
in its nests scary acrid saccharins  
clarinet that bristles  
all sounds pronounced unfit

self-swollen cockroach who to heaven aims her shrillnesses  
telepathic doodles interspersed in spasms of resentment  
squirming jetsome in the atmospheres  
a doozy of a twister wreaking havoc therein  
the sky a brainless beast chivying a flock of panic-stricken sheep

at all this thunder stares the fool  
slept off the scandal and the guilt  
he greets in phony joy the thieving needles of his bed  
of pareses and thorns

someday'll retaliate the beaming pawn  
he shall smear his own funeral with a slew of risky subtleties  
as I wasn't there here I ain't he'll say  
or perhaps...  
but nobody'll listen  
nobody shall be there anyway  
we are all dead as passing clouds who have the form of molten lead.

Gray birds disappearing in the distance, but were they ever even birds? Or just shades, distortions of what's seen, discerned.

## **ceaseless waves**

love me or kill me

that's the reality

ceaseless waves of useless assholes

crummy bunches of fortuitous cells thinking the world off themselves

(and the stupider thinking also the world of themselves)

(for the more they think the stupider they get)

futile duels

breasts



fanned fat fated to climax in flowers of rot

I've become my wife's sister  
whip me to shreds

monster evoked in diaphoretic stupor

down on my knees  
filthy whore

the globe stifled  
the crude specimens from the antipodes  
scattered  
luscious threads of ashes crooked

white of eyes of a dumb statue

candidly led  
blindman to the weapon

a statue oughtn't gulp

gobs of semen

seamen inside

drowning

all drowning

globe of fire

mute universe

unless...

now now

deafening sounds of mud splattered under massive feet.

## a fleece

a fleece

immune to the heaven pap  
the eerie humanoid proliferated  
a parasite of herbivores

from a window on the ethics branch  
an academic archer deemed his aim  
as fairly tidy when he misfired

gifted as I am in many fields alas  
– he construed – in this field I'm not

he could've killed the ewe that gave us milk  
and wool all in the pursuit of his eager intent  
that was by killing the host killing the alien invaders  
which were ultimately just an anachronism  
tossed by contingency on our lamentable present

be it as it may his belligerent attitude  
far from epistemic astonished us all  
that out of the hallowed guts of our matrix  
the twisted retort of his gun shat thus those foul ingredients  
of nugatory import instead of pausing  
sitting down and abstracting  
the indispensable thoughts that later would direct us  
to the undeniable sempiternal truth  
that is always that every new issue explodes  
already attired with sculpted latent flawless instructions  
when fallen from the great beyond

through the archer's keen eyepiece  
we saw on the ewe the humanoid horde  
carousing and woolgathering on its fuzz  
how cute they looked and surely there stood imprinted within them  
the dawn of yet more fun

they sank in camouflage or if they emerged they prosperously beamed  
at us gnarly buff strangers (to them)  
(in virtue of our pesky distant inquisitiveness  
of our dingy invasive gall  
we humbly even sheepishly realized  
oddly unsettled and in a reverie)

simultaneously by our professorial now turncoat archer  
we were told that in essence those lofty nomads had already earned  
their place amongst us  
no scandalous notion that  
for none of us needed  
any type of persuasion as to the intricacies of the universe

...

how dumb could we be  
the abyss is always borne in by the ubiquitous winds of contact  
every invasion is hellbent on annihilating the invaded  
either on the short run or the long one  
together by the fast commission and the protracted omissions afterward

but only dying (if then) you know better  
so that for the nonce we mentally wished them a satisfactory journey back  
after they were finished with us of course  
and forthwith in resignation and in deep empathy  
with our sudden contiguous contemporaries we burned while leisurely  
walking  
to the mountains the university

alone and unfed and fairly shorn we glimpsed  
the compelling spectacle of their flambuginous erections

nothing dismayed they tore or gnawed at the roots and underpinnings  
of our vast civilization soon abstracted into virtually a flop

oh well – we ejaculated – no need to stir too tempestuously  
our so properly stunted emotions  
let's never be tempted by the elusive ignitions of occupational  
contaminants

we shall all sooner or later intertwine in the womb of warmed total  
reversion

by the erring pathogens desecrated  
our sequences all disrupted  
we grew defaced  
while the gestures of our enemies became by and by from roughly woeful  
to rather surfeited or if you will anguished  
we thought they would have taken a recreational hue to them but no  
their very multitudinousness indeed the strictures  
of overpopulation debunked each degree of hope  
or desire that they might have ever entertained

we had organized meanwhile into columns of poachers  
the pedantic and the skeptic cloven only by a mob  
of so-called heroes whose single claim to heroism was  
the hysterical fires they brought back so that we should exuberantly  
burn also and all in vain the obdurate mountains

it was really peculiar the way our furtive weaving now into their webs  
bore such striking parallels to their first having woven themselves  
into our all at once genial curiosity and uneasy reluctance

at first as we were dissoluble we were also by their red prismatic eyes  
unseen but then after some reasonable hesitations  
they – some of them that apparently clung more forcefully than the rest  
to their squalid sense of patriotic fadoodle – tried to thwart our smiling  
hints  
the psychotic hints of a loser who  
secret thinker he about the inaccessible and consequently more enticing  
brashly sets willy-nilly to conquer adjoining spaces

...

we always thought it to be (and no offense) virgin territory – we coyly  
adduce as we adjourn and head infective for their center: a fleece  
wherein now we lurk by dint of having kept at it almost everywhere

the new sequence abolishes the essence of the first dispute  
now are we who seek either to dissolve their aim and efficacy  
or soberer to harmonize the draining ebbs and flows  
of our heroes' stupid prowesses

our misgivings in a nutshell are that once bald the new bed  
wherein the recently deceased shall invariably be laid and burned  
to oblivion gone

(the well-known senseless loop being from one to many to none again)  
our wealth of lame pleasures... chortles... grins... shocks...  
proved in fine to have been after a while  
another hoax or else too ponderous a barren egg of emptiness

our atrophied tendrils intrinsically binding no more the baned blades  
that a neurologist would maybe have once conceived as supportive as  
a dry cataphracted box wherein trances and ecstasies to enjoy  
aplenty and maximal spams of an erotic clandestine... veiled... unnerved...  
nature... wallowing then in subtly melancholic superfluities...  
with us insectile phantoms lastly waning in the gloom

our antennae orphaned meanders decaying into sewers

our adult fantasies of occupancy famously thriving  
of promiscuity booming... now drastically fondled into resolute disease

sentenced anew to the sharp apprehension  
that we nonetheless must agree to the disquieting proceeds  
ensuing from our contempt for the boring injunctions  
that had every insanitary foe (and more with a yen for incorporate space)  
sent packing down a uniquely paved velvety shortcut  
to the indiscriminate pulp of the anonymous tomb

...

but wait... down the road  
awkward crows in embarrassment discovered  
from scratching the muddy wastes where devils once dwelt  
the coincident shares of our flaming oils

and hence they were relatively thankful for the triumph  
of annihilation for – must they have inferred – what better fate  
for an intellect of our lurid genre that to be immersed in the fluency  
of foulness... the skills we showed in maintaining always the incoherent  
rages of childhood... reverting every chance we got into the mainstream  
legacy  
of pride... made us as them right deservers of another feathery shrug  
a feathery shrug indeed  
all invaded with  
eerie  
humanoids  
tinily  
engrossing  
as the hours ticked

## **moths untrammeled**

moths untrammeled as your frustrated mechanisms now contradict  
months and months of ludicrous argument

the fallacy of eccentric causation to begin with:  
in a version of slow corrosion worth a better implementation  
in futility you wince as the insects (aren't they) go at it  
untrammeled indeed

threadbare spirit yours unrelated to yourself:  
with problematic frequency and incoherently to boot  
the different receptors fail to debunk  
astonishingly digressive  
the alpha and beta of the strangely triggered eruptions  
that by the separation of quasi-tectonic plates in your dry clod of a body  
contrive to analyze that aim that combines darkest pessimism  
with the shades connected to the ethereal spheres of the commonplace

with the greatest aplomb the squalid betrayal of the rebellious cells now  
extant  
and no remedy in sight  
as the crumbling circles of fiction violently  
seek to recover a modicum of self-esteem through the exercise  
of outrageous aphorisms  
imminent corrective succinct requests spliced in your drowning mind  
by the sillier ideologues

noxious gases framing analog emphases of writerly control  
sending afield more and more burningly malevolent echoes

spawned by successive nefarious diggings into the absurd notions  
of succeeding abortions and lunatics emerged ranting  
from the inaccurate orchestras of empowerment

crusading manipulators plot the feared minutiae  
that further tear at your shrinking weary width

what left but the deadening counting of the grotesquely drawn breaths  
no meaningful standpoint to assume but the beginning of violence

toss caution to the mistaken capacities of forgotten demands  
and no longer in denial begin being alive  
which (alas) (so far undone) consists only in suggesting to yourself  
an abdominal tissue arguably untangled  
as the bizarre phenomena provoked by the famished moths  
at length leave you unfazed  
as the encroaching stimuli become lost snakes  
in a healthy warehouse where crucial instincts blossom  
reflecting perchance the pursuit of a unbarred integrity  
as if the beneficial fungi's roots that were the warp and weft of the little  
that's left  
could still wrestle with a certain level of credibility  
with the disagreeable unnerving wondered crocodile-like operatives  
that keep on intercepting all the geographic shrieks  
that erstwhile reigned supreme

for the sake of intactness assumed  
become scarlet as the stroked flesh  
surrenders to the sewn squinting eyelids  
that filter the hammering rhymes  
which uncoordinatedly jeopardize the involvement at the game  
of episodes followed through the thresholds that exploded  
like automatics loaded  
damaging the anatomical portions still endowed with mimic powers  
of somatic survival

across the waning compass the screams that described the known venues  
have developed themselves into sudden winds  
tinted patterns of alien breathing  
that unfurl like actresses' skirts with techniques and methods  
priorly available as slices only of amused delight

what an exuberance of travel to the ancient peaks of virulence  
the anonymous apocrypha always your favorite  
clandestine and sly  
sweating as a team of entwined subversives

or a symposium of cacophonous graduates quoting the masters  
swaths of contagious seconds uttering broad assumptions  
each searing experience ridiculously minimized  
and tampered with  
treated for laughs as the very foundation of the coming collapse

in tendentious camouflage the curious epigenetics of your gradual  
unfitness:

elusive moths that circumstances detect  
as the traffic of chaotic thoughts now draws another grin  
of toothless death

where every tooth had been a moth  
has fluttered off.

**kick the scoundrels off**

whereto whereto (high priest) with thy faking feet?



spandrels are my shoes... but thine?

thine are just bullshit

bullshit

the toothless flow of accident is a happy looking backward

when the moon's a-pissing wet

gross misconception of the distances involved

with the overclouded brain helping none

survey the empty spirals where thou choreographeth those too engrossed  
steps of thine

and perish in thy useless pursuit

or else visit my lithe ziggurat and also fall on thy four paws as thou useth  
to

for the beast are thou

so scam

before hovering unobtrusively in the margins a (re-)beginning starts

catching thee with thy leaden (so drownable) pants still on

stranger structures might be expected then

the dynamics are now above weird

the cycles improve into worse

only that isn't that just as it rightly should?

whether anomalies are attempts at apt escapism

at being swept along by the flow of accident

or crooked matters are... for idle abstraction

still the power remains mine to say

scram

bullshit

fake feet

a choking agency arrested my running joke

thou were so red in the face

I said rage? conniption? what?

grow up creep

thou never were the main character

only thy cheating fake feet brought thee here

falsely

ludicrously unwieldy feet carrying thee to the door of the devilish scoffer

the core or mytheme of thy con shamed to smithereens

and thou now sputtering indignant proficiencies

at a deaf wall

crazy and enthralled by the sheer entrapment

of the unremarkable it all

(eloquent dream where none of you stand still extant

dreary paragraphs elided

ours lives less laden)

(breaths drawn easier now

when much of the bullshit's been silenced)

(hush...)

## **An X, not an Y**

An X, not an Y

She's not happy coming down the stairs  
with her green wide-winged hat  
and her green close-fitting dress  
so elegant she and kind of divine  
but no, she's not glad at all today  
having just had notice that all her children  
had been killed abroad.

We that are left are not allowed to enjoy the day  
the sand the crickets the écrevisses... nothing  
nor the helpless wee birds just born into the hot ice.

Sad, we've got to be also sad  
we've got to check our enjoyment of life  
our greediness for what our senses sense.

And so through the night full of bourdonnements  
button by button slowly until the dark cape's undone.

She's such a vision though  
when with the sun she tosses away her green dress  
and walks naked down the strand.

All nature revives then and my dreams with it  
and into the white clean clothes the tip of my tippity prick.

How eager then all for her benediction  
unfledged birds naked insects fetuses... all.

And me an earth-filtering worm squirmy of contentment  
definitively annexed  
definitively annexed now to her all pure purple core!

## **sip sip and something else**

tapering off the undulating ululated oaths

plus... (plus... hold tight, for here it comes...) (I'm joking)

holding tight to the ghastly heavens  
the strategies of noxious soiled corners...  
their seizure over the inhabitants is a classic of intimacy

any sweep squeezed through the littery banality of wonderland routines  
even if repulsive as the rudest of solipsisms  
instils a fog of reasons and goals worthy enough to be imagined in a  
ceremony  
of intelligence across the autumnal system of preliminary curiosities...

what's left if not the sycophantic twin fugitive anarchies of light and

torture?  
(ha ha... clever!)

the peristaltic anecdotes brim with obstreperous copulations  
and a frivolous accretion of other healthy catastrophes

the old susurrus of the whore aesthetics that earlier arose misused  
contemporarily through a process of scandalous landscapes regain  
substance

only that the shrinking of the sphere impinges on the mind  
psychotic devious abuses are rife  
both titans and servants... their grimy nerves wrinkle in exasperation  
a conundrum is the (deflating) result  
where insane rituals forcibly intervene  
fakeries (what's new?) stand vicarious on the pantheon

a bath of bald fervent senility is encouraged  
its squalid consequences impugn any argument

all supine as they sip (sip sip)  
apologizing the while and underhanded to the waste implicit in one's  
brain

ceremonies rush in (you said it)  
voices through giant pierced bones... annoying whining swearings  
(useless useless) wagers clearly infernal  
ostensible haunting lurid hysterias

outlaws prosper (when didn't they?) by degrees  
the rotting waves of legifying authorities (vain outlaws themselves)  
their soft devastations... their pretty homicides always allowed by judges  
lethargic puerile motiveless (in complicity)

cohesion amongst the exiled colleagues is never invalidated...

the vexed are farmed out for extermination  
a traffic of shrieks  
an underworld of withering courage... of languid scented lethality...

the originating types wiped flat out

the rest sending their bleary lidless eyes aloft  
toward the domestic ceilings

reclusive unassisted  
shelling the sundry episodes out of curiosity  
the risks once taken... the oaths uttered...  
the weightless ephemerides unsounded

a toasted slap to our consensual slot  
the dominance spectrum tenaciously deceives every facet of the stereotype

chameleonizing oneself according to the labyrinthian peculiarities  
shifting the degree of depiction... pithy new tendencies emerge

rejecting all antagonism... the epochs... their arrow collapses

the specter of food... a structure glued with alarm  
comminates anyone to evisceration

the wolves' candidate vehemently erodes any satire from the subconscious  
intrepid antagonist who concocts orphan gothic banalities  
by refusing to shove in or even invoke about any verdict

the rest parade faintly fed  
with a clumsy mask embalmed  
their optimistic obituaries impress joy of a certain kind

cloying pimps  
vindictive denizens whose amnesic fingers sap the historical doctrines  
fool eavesdroppers devoted to corruption and wither  
rhetorical authoritarians assaulting the blurred benevolence of the  
abolished structures

the title-holders trying to persuade the reluctant that all crimes of  
aggression  
are a refreshing success for the skin of the heinous planet  
the eloquent always... the eloquent and their lapses where every logic is  
traded  
(I'm lost... lost)

only the wittols are capable of shedding as scattering statues  
the bright charismatic torchings of optimism  
over the absent serpent that veers to further opacity  
as they accommodate themselves to every emancipatory dilemma

are we just subordinate entities flushed up by dumb contingency  
and bound non-stop to hidings strenuous  
as those to which the anonymous have always been prone

or... or...? (were you going to say something else  
you piece of viscous crap?)

for there's no clarity as the one brought by the wearisome quarry of  
skepticism  
(agh... agh... I'm gagging...  
what a vile... vile... vile conclusion... again!)

## **Beautiful dancer**

Beautiful dancer

Oh what a beautiful dancer — is cancer!  
It pirouettes at the end of each of the assizes — and it metastasizes!  
And then performs a pas de quatre — in a lovely pitter-patter  
Pounding lungs liver bone and brain — with corrosive feet of acid rain.



**more of the same (through the same glass, from different angles?)**

Outside the waiting cone, inside as bolt-bestowing Jupiter she

(Outside)

The vigilant isolated cone

His lamentation a wonder waning down the fading hedgerows  
with night his infatuation as queer cosmologies  
are amid snores drawn  
vain metamorphoses among the cobblestones

and weeps the wind  
and the progress of the horses' lips is something to behold  
anomalies of a martyr in triumph unmasked

vague bricolage of rotting driftwood  
adorns his hirsute skull

the lava of abstruse dialogue pounding his heart  
with the archipelagian intricacy of a sorrowful paranoid

metabolizing all these perfectly coherent seawaves of sympathies  
so that the outpour becomes in stupor the pith  
(the evil abject wisdom-filled pith)  
of the insidious puppet whose archaic hat – its tip – crateral spouts  
(never ashamed of its acerbic cruelty)  
the cathartic stabs of the richly pledgeful sophist  
with gloves of acquiescent semiotics  
as the foundering orchestra of the tempest has lost delirium

foreshortened peak of conspicuous anonymity  
neither epileptic nor grisly  
nor any longer harvesting risks and stunts  
nor yet gaining harmonic momentum  
as for now the old cadence  
stunted falters...

and dies.

(\*\*\*)

(Inside)

from the kitchen window, she

it's the adventure of the universe —  
going nowhere fast —  
noisy flares, bursts galore, signifying shit

alas once more the aircastle collapses... utterly

(...)

next thing she knew the doorbell tolled

something bilious this way comes

(...)

the fetus being the phallus

she fucks me with the newest son of some lover

that lover's latest son enters me  
even before he has altogether exited her

oh mystical trinity

wrapped in triphthongs  
soon converted into another trivial carnal quadrangle  
even a quincunx  
(who knows)

(...)

follows the appointment  
the appointment (duly dully met) of scabrous sentences  
in a background where a plangent violin casts its cobwebs

shameful wasp trapped  
in their crudest most arcane recesses  
leaking like a raincoat

incipits of otiose melodies where with grotesque anguishes  
the tenacious nymphomaniac  
seduces the rotting lured sacrificial simulacrum

(...)

choked by the sneaky snake

intimations of exorbitant techniques

somehow I'm sure that such eucharist  
turns the pungent quondam androgynous

(...)

embryo's elixirs whose absorptions prove an ecstasy of sorts

but uterus thieving is the emblem of the satirist

a truce; a truce, will you?

(...)

bleeding aspersions collect a phantasmagoria of sublime convictions  
as the chasm of routines gapes monotonous

(...)

we've faced the violation with seeds courageous  
and poisons futile

with the fluency of the mnemonist  
I've descried great billows and frenetic shipwrecks  
broken telescopes and several other intricacies  
in the naivete of the tiny aquarium

(...)

predatory innocence  
ephemeral anxieties

the gutter is no tightrope

(...)

with the advent of the senile yawn of the earth  
the cuckold whips up his ludicrous impulses

into its fungible void the parasite's been caught

(...)

the panic of insomnia  
gives way to the won aesthetics

newly replenished, the profaned hole  
by lyres lauded  
teasingly hears tame aubades

(...)

ah the luxuries and feverish cinema  
of a schoolgirl's erotic phenomena

betwixt sundry cosmetics  
accessories  
and saucissons!

(...)

wait, the rancidity of sweat  
the groans and sanctimonies  
the circumspect trespass of the unfaithful aurifex  
plus a knot of vestiges of distaste

convoluted cormorant of the promiscuous and abhorrent

all in all, humped sinister, the lubricious epilogue

(...)

with venereal abrasive harmonies  
of forensic intricate tautologies  
and splenetic disconsolatingly erotic oxymorons  
in prodigious scale the jewel's been lost

(...)

and now the punctuated sequels

one, the voiding inaccessible  
two, the tumescence borderline  
three, the chaos of moths...

the fungal tropes  
the atrophied hyperboles  
the inharmonic knees

the anachronistic witness  
his basket of fantasies

the epistemic orphan  
the marooned ballerina

the erratic bucolic nonsense  
the wrecked athlete

the benevolence of the deathbed

plus  
the enigmatic levity of distilled snow.

**Stickmen**

Stickmen

Patiently waiting the arrival of the vultures  
In that enclosure packed with wounded warriors  
Who jest about the war with a light heart.

The dancing sliver of the slithering light  
Throws on the wall the blueprint of our future.  
The light is black that plots our cross-eyed end.

Sliver of black light each aspiring to thrive  
Thwarted yet each by a crossed bar that bars  
All access to the consummate geometry.

Wounded we stare at the unresolved flux  
On the blank wall where our fate flatly stalls.

Call me a stickman wrongly doodled and all  
Two slivers crossed of unwieldy black light  
Illuded and elided — serves us right.

**(looking up from the monumental pedestal)**

Oh yes yes sir (looking up from the monumental pedestal)

After he'd flown the coop he began to breed  
His feathers racing at dawn when the storms of flirting were spent.

Lusciously he swam in a humdrum unhealthy nebulous orbit of glutæal  
breasts  
Omnivorous plundered among the distraught members of the senile  
aristocracy  
Winnowed their contrived wealths as a pixie passing through waves of  
filthy macaroni.

Went afterward through a purgatory of giant unchronological gizmos  
That apace discombobulated his erst ferocious strength.

His preposterous barometric memory coming to roost  
At last among the otherly genocided.

Lovelorn the prevaricating bastard at first betrayed a proclivity for  
predatory oppression  
Lumbered with ponderous schemes and an accrued sense of preeminence  
He celebrated urbi et orbi with droning histrionics  
And stressing the tantrums of sincerely-felt paranoia  
The hairy proportions of constructive pretentiousness.

Then immune to wisdom tasked himself with fostering a gangster  
atmosphere  
Through which the pernicious meritocrats could safely engage in the  
furthering degeneracy of the outdoors  
Where the criminally thriving fraternities of fraudsters scuttled the last  
fallacies  
That had kept precariously afloat the previously undebunkable proletariat  
in its uniform stupidity.

Rummaging through posterity he saw all the autoists up to their polluted  
gills in substrata of chaoses  
Presumably he also saw that “as the nigger entered the castrated nazi”  
And “hunger permeated the tropics”  
The massive demonizing of eroticism incontrovertibly followed suit  
So that all doorways became borders beyond which into a new jail  
forthwith were you framed  
Whereupon of course better steroidal curios and a swarm of extraneous  
other doping gears galore  
Further persuaded the inconsiderate featherbrained to suitably comply.

Plus added verities too long now to report plus then bound to be  
impugned by the slanderous adversary  
Whose verdicts however verily stink stank and have sempiternally stunk...

Prone to etceteraize the sloven monocrat never gave precedence to the  
sphere



But supreme practitioner of destiny oratory  
Rather to the foreseeable galactic anger  
And above all to the quite traceable much annoying garbage the doomed  
same sphere  
Having entirely surrendered to the lure of extreme consumption  
Now then properly poached  
Acceleratingly had for centuries been leaving behind in its wacky race  
toward fiery extinction.

He'd become, as plainly seen, a jocular moribund the while urinating  
ingrained pearls  
Of self-perpetuating irrevocabilities.

Drowned in a tub of merdant dejecta sedulously produced by his own  
sanctity  
His demise afforded his too often unfortunate followers ominous lodes of  
mirthful commentary.

Buried with nary an honor by supercilious reptiles  
A phenomenally mistreated caricature  
So warmly and strikingly (and filially!) (nicht whar?) (looky up!)  
preserved.

[His sundry apparent remarks being hereby selectively recorded  
In order perhaps to promote his ulterior canonization where indeed?  
All over the sphere surely.

Culled (the analects) by one here presently of them propitiously cursed  
partisans  
The whom I mean the which (voilà cela va sans dire) dynamically  
rewarded  
By monstrous providence with all kinds of virtuous qualities.]

## Diminishing returns

Where teary she swore eternal love  
in that small square with the single light pole behind the silent factory  
she saw it again as she was passing by

Long after the man was gone long gone  
the man to whom teary she had sworn eternal love  
the man who became half a man cut in half at the waist  
and that then wasted away rather fast  
with her sworn eternal love that followed suit

An eternal love that if at first was cut in half  
then it also wasted away rather fast  
melting into air into thin air  
into a little fog that a little wind swept forever away

And so it happened  
it happened that she saw it again  
the tiny square with the single phanal behind the obtumescent factory  
the factory itself cut to size by now  
just half a building now fast melting into nothing

She found it quaint she found the place odd  
the diminutive square with the bent blind begrimed light pole behind the  
shrunk factory  
and she...

She with no longing no regret  
no remembrance she of having ever tearily sworn  
to any man that if at first had perhaps been a whole man  
soon had become half a man and then less and less

A wisp of a man more and more slight  
the half of him cut in half again  
a humdrum unbodacious weightless man  
a man of no significance

a forgotten entity to whom once

Once perhaps tearily she swore she swore...

No remembrance... no...

Or perhaps just perhaps ever so slightly  
there still aimless wobbles a tittle of a thought  
a spindly thought indeed  
a slight ever so slight thought  
a thought evanescent evanescent...

Is she still the one who over the growing distance  
at that remote bleary small quarrel of a square behind the muted spent  
factory  
under an unseeing dead eye that...

Did it witness her hypothetical commitment...

Had she...

No... no.

## **Quite commonplace all told**

Back at it where the waters swell and recede

Isn't this again the same forgotten landscape that only recurs in dreams?

Always the same peculiarities on the expanse outlaid before you  
The water at your left the fields and birches busy rambling on your right  
And at the end the low solid weir and the dusty abandoned barracks.

Isn't it maybe the traumatic paradise you were once told  
A ticket had been already secured for you to easily reach and get in?

As an mere child chased from home great sinner that you must've been  
A mere child not to death expeditiously exiled but young and good  
Pledging never to turn back bent on perduring bound for planetary glory.

And suddenly the desolate void dark untried summer night  
Where after the joyful sunny anabasis no victory comes  
At the silent abrupt last stop where apocatastic instead you grow a tail  
And your feline eyes scrutate then those cheating ways  
That must regardless carry you home where at last from so far  
Already you surmise at the balcony the eager presence of your mother  
Who soon shall secretly shield you from the trite ogre's hairy rage.

And then nothing learned a few months after ejected once more  
That time in a definitive way for he the angry godly one  
Never never he shouts don't want to see you anymore  
Don't you ever dare come back again.

Winter frozen night where you can't stop trailing along  
Else you'll turn into a petrified scarecrow at a scrawny corner  
For the abstracted homeless workers traipsing from fire to fire  
Maybe mistaking you for some other lousy sacred image  
To fleetingly doff their pungent moth-harried woolen headgear.

After dawn endure still a bit and wait not far from your grandmother's  
That the gruff males from the house depart to their morning rackets  
And then knock on and slink in and she's in a tizzy right away  
And there's her bed still warm and how deep and how long your sleep  
becomes!

Now there it is yes quite commonplace all told the landscape  
The curious landscape the strange paradise that suddenly  
Winds up on the low weir and the ruined deserted barracks.

Mother of Jove even her won't easily convince her resentful son  
Your all-powerful hell-decreeing father who nevertheless swears  
Even you present shan't ever see nor hear you or from you ever again.

You've become the sneaky phantom haunting the same oneiric landscape

Where the water at your left progressively over the trail licks the fields  
And the golden throne where the bulbous hirsute god hatefully sits  
Seems ever so slowly but surely to be getting washed away  
To be sooner than later slurped up by the hungry sea  
Or else crookedly carried over the well-cemented end barrier  
At the other side of which dangerously the new children play ball above  
On the gritty terraces of the old crumbling empty meaningless buildings  
No longer gray but ever gloomier darkening deeper and deeper.

### **(boy in yellow)**

Comes a boy dressed in lemon yellow (why?)  
A friend of my son (dressed in orange)  
(Are they a couple of fruits, do you think?)  
And the reason is he's eager to decipher  
And convert into his own tongue  
One of my solid object-poems  
One of those kept (in the shape of an unscrambled puzzle)  
In one of those other nondescript boxes over there  
(Were he not a friend of my son's would he even had ever heard about them?)  
Well let's see  
Does he know that the ultimate sense of that object-poem can only be  
extricated by one or several dreams dreamt by the decipherer?  
And this only after two or three weeks during which the brain has been  
more or less able to digest it?  
Digest (that is grasp intellectually) most (or better still all) of its  
insinuations?  
The lemon seems in awe at my ominous words  
And yet how meekly accepts the "challenge" (his word humbly)  
So one adds the following  
That here's the box

That he's free to use his own time to do whatever he wants with it (his  
time) (not the box)  
That the box one expects to get it back with all the pieces yet there  
And...  
That under no circumstances will one's help be (ok?) forthcoming.

**11/4/2004**

Illcome figs for each and all

A stinky fig to all of youse  
Who betted on the goitrous horse  
To see to your shrinking-man horror  
How the scowling monkey won  
The monster race.

“Accentuate the uglier?”  
“Let the best beast bust?”  
“Resoundingly cooing in the snakepit?”  
“Ouch, scorched my gullet, for I'm a clown?”  
Who remembers now the swallowing singsongs?

“Cry, baby, cry!” as her partner  
Called to the lesbian Pullthechainy  
As she pulled the spiky rosary  
From her spiny cunt — “’tis all her fault  
She's driven us nuts,” the choir answered.

And so, a lesbian fig for all  
Of youse who wetted the wrong panties  
Only to see to your fucking horror  
How the wearer went to the bearer  
Of the most skewed gossip — what a foxy whore  
She of redneck Babylon.

Hear the sour snores of the beast  
As she approaches to score your gullibilities  
With the knotted swastikas of victory...

Boom-booms, and cornets salute  
The flaring night of reckoning  
Filmed by the leeches stuck at your throats  
While on the black background old raucous songs  
From the primordial campfires are heard again  
And again as the advancing armies  
Rough going over the clodded snows  
Their slavering fangs denude...

Still then a shitted fig for you all  
Who vetted the least offensive patsy  
To do the dirty job the dirtiest bohunk  
Was only capable of bringing to fruition.

The bilious lower country and its  
Pulsion for extinction said loudly:  
“Bring it on — our kingdom come!”

And the bloodiest animal answered

Their jungle call, “The end, he said,  
My fellow citizens, is indeed at claw.”

And then: “Behold, eye to every screen  
Tat-chin, tat-chin, welcome to apocalypse!  
Welcome, welcome, wel... come...!”

---

Who’ll cull the dead dog now...?

Who’ll cull the dead dog...? Well, that’s a no-brainer  
In so far as it concerns us — and it doesn’t a bit, that’s  
plain,  
Believe us. So, who’ll cull the rotting beast, you say...?  
None of us, we hope, pillars of good standing.

We don’t love the weakening of the standards;  
On the contrary, actually we are  
For the strengthening of the disentanglements.

Maintain us please torn apart, thus we prefer  
By much. And we demand that nobody tamper  
With the hints we’ve afforded so far to all and sundry.

And now temper you bile, be not so somber.  
The story is too easy to comprehend, easier still



To recount. The guest's afghan growled,  
And barked and whined too loudly by half  
The whole damned day. Made us almost insane,  
And uncherishable — quite the contrary from the product  
Of our disposition in any state of normalcy.  
And we became aglow with the insistence  
Of such harsh irritation, we swear, pardi.

Believe us, all told, we are reasonably sad.  
For where is instead the pithy thrill now  
Of hearing the wretched fatling rot  
At the bottom of the abandoned well...?

It plummeted into the void,  
Into the hairy abyss of the relinquished pit — its lip, its  
lid,  
It tried on a whim to sniff at and probably urinate on.

Unaided, we swear, it must have slipped over the rim.  
It alighted with such a sickening thud,  
As the saying goes. Such disappearances,  
We acknowledge, are heartrending, and so on,  
But we are not culling the damned carcass, no sir,  
No way, nor we; we have standings, we have  
Standards, we've turned into a virtue the habit  
Of cool disentanglement, you see...?

---

## He's too good

Pharmacist Clint Riverol, so affectionate and gentle, such quaintly fine, riddle-unraveling hands too.

The pharmacist Clint  
He deals cleanly with everyone;  
He's got on the front of his counter  
A set of five push-off battering rams;  
They are of obimbricate tapering levels of springy  
ratcheted steel  
That, extended full length, can reach up to more than three  
yards  
All said and told.  
The heads of those battering rams are protected  
By a cushiony sort of robot foot smoothly incurved.  
The nervous patient, demanding, in his peremptory heat,  
The insistent relief of the drug,  
Is thus kept at a reasonable distance, out of harm's way.  
But when there's a pregnant lady  
Who enters the perfumed shop,  
The hard steel five-headed Cerberus, in his avatar of five  
Battering rams, keeps quiet,  
Or rather even purring, each of the animals or heads,  
In their cages,  
And, instead, beautifully soft,  
Nicely colored,  
Pillows appear...  
Appear in order to...  
To envelope the frail swollen body  
Of the delicate lady,

The delicate amorous lady  
With the big belly  
And the hairy moist cunt.

The pregnant ladies all come willingly  
And expectantly  
To the ministrations of pharmacist Clint.  
What's more, pharmacist Clint can't go anywhere,  
A bar, a restaurant...  
Without being immediately identified by some pregnant  
lady  
Or other  
As the true place to repair to,  
The very point of peace and pleasure.

Like sodden tибcats they gather around him,  
For they know his hands are magical,  
His face so gentlemanly reassuring,  
And they, the tumid ladies,  
Are so envious of each other,  
He has to attend them in private,  
Retiredly, one by one;  
He promises to each that he'll be present,  
Without failure  
At the point of delivery,  
In time to spare,  
And that all procedures will run their delicious way,  
silently,  
I'm telling you I'll be there, never you worry, my pet.

His presence at the critical moment  
When the tumorous infant exits  
Insures always a proper delivery.  
He's so delightful to have at one's side.

Meanwhile the ladies all crave his attention...  
He says to each at her clammy ear:  
I'll be waiting for you,  
Come at my surgery office at five,  
Or at four,  
Or at three...  
He's almost fully employed with pregnant ladies.

Behind the doors of his well-defended counter,  
There is the little pasha room  
Where he administers his cares.  
His clean curative hands work wonders indeed,  
And never stray to the naughty points  
Unless guided by the hands  
Of the eager pregnant lady herself,  
Who then experiences  
Forthwith bye and bye  
The chained melodious orgasms of her life.  
Never before or after, the lady shall experience  
Pleasures so huge.  
Her cunt comes alive,  
The fetus itself exults,  
The soggy body hovers like a weightless balloon...

Once even,  
Pharmacist Clint  
Took his own arm and shoved it down his own throat,  
He reached his stomach with his clean marvelous hand,  
He took firm hold of a cancerous tumor  
That was growing there unannounced,  
What's more, and worst: unwelcome,  
And tore at it,  
And dislodged it  
And took it off and out, and threw it into the bassinet  
And then he emptied the bassinet

Into the bowl of the commode  
And then...  
And then he flushed the ugly toothed screaming tumor  
Down the drain to fucking hell.

So, he knows what he's doing,  
And every pregnant lady intuits it,  
And knows, and wants him  
For a partner for the more precious  
Instant  
Of her life.

---

**His wanting last stands**

## this the brothel had: an orchard

the brothel had an orchard,  
the tarnished dusk saw the tarts  
agape upon my casket.

i was rotting inside, I know;  
the casket swathed in murky dusk,  
on stilts of a sort,  
in the middle of a clearing  
in the brothel's ordinary orchard;  
on stilts of a sort, as a wart,  
a tough bristly wart,  
with me, the body, a nauseating  
lump dumped inside.

the irreverent bitches

razzed the irksome squirt,  
buck naked, no shoes.

“—even in his last box  
his wanting last stands;  
here he glibly struts, stationary  
though, with his humble straw  
erect, bridging the domains, linking  
the realms of death and life.”

“—we must burn this, sisters,  
a bonfire should be afoot, is already on the cards;  
then the ashes and the mishmash  
shall help the orchard’s chances.”

nobody meanwhile had seen the appearance  
as a conundrum of any sort.



the worthless bastard,  
erst so tight with his purse,  
desiring now perhaps to be honored  
by his “family,” the last rites performed  
by the priestesses, the attentions of whom  
he had profusely craved  
every other crummy day of the week;  
dying to sink his crooked little straw  
into the sacred fountains of another cunt,  
squeezing out a wad  
that never amounted to spit,  
then quelling his thirst at the current fountain,  
sinking his nose in the asshole of the whore,  
warming his hands at the lambent stove,  
clinging to his scant wealth  
as a sick skunk to his stink clung,  
a theft of which would have betrayed

his weakness, and imperiled  
his chances of ever again drinking  
at the priestesses' sacred fountains  
of tomorrow and who knows how many  
other days.

now he is dead,  
waiting for the fire.

bleak wart on the orchard, ignite!  
throw up your flames!  
withdrawn no longer in the rotting shell  
of your disgusting flesh!

throats smothered by the smoke...  
are they suppressing a sob, a growl...?  
have some whores felt left in the lurch...?  
i doubt it, though it is a fact that

i hear some of them singing encomia to the bastard;  
they don't any longer nurse the old aggravations;  
looks like all has been condoned,  
paid with the corpse;  
they are now as the vestals in communion  
grieving and mourning for the fallen  
inchoate project of a hero.

their lengthy shadows –

phantasmagoric

whimsical

witchy

priapic

sycophantic

carnivorous –

wild dancing maenads of an olden bacchanal –

their shadows thrown all twisted up on the walls

that surround the orchard of the brothel  
closed for once.

something snapped  
and i knew i shouldn't be that exposed.

the world came crumbling down –  
an overwhelming sound as of wolves  
baying at my ears, and on my face  
the unbearable breath of a  
terrifyingly opened furnace.

had they stopped singing,  
was the ceremony over...?

tell me: do i already  
belong...?

---

## **At the nudie camp, strange happenings**

### **In a world of miracles, cannot everything happen...?**

In the nudie camp we had invited the non-nudies - I remember I was sitting on a table with not too many others, joking about the weird stuff that happened in the world.

Then other groups of people came and started sitting themselves around the same elongated picnic table - a woman sat at my side - I looked at her it seems at the same time that another of the fellows already sitting down stared (perhaps too intently) at her - so she went into a rage of sorts, ejaculating in high dudgeon: "*What! What's the matter! Something wrong? Why the bloody pernickety stares?*" - all this glaring at me. I replied, with an apologetic smile: "*Just a roving eye; sorry.*"

Then it started getting too crowded, the wine flowing, the sandwiches jumping along the table; I felt trapped, so I got up and searched with the eyes a

route of escape - the best way was to get on top of the table among the food and the drinks and the bouquets and the hands, and run for it to the nearest corner in order to leap then to the floor, free; only that when I got up, my underwear (the only item of clothing I wore) got caught on a sliver of the bench and as soon as I got over the table I had to hold and hide my balls (my shorts torn and hanging down to the middle of my thigh) - so I said, laughing, especially to the lady at my side, a non-nudie mighty interested now: "*Just a wandering eye, indeed,*" but everybody was already making fun of me, so that I ran to the end of the table and leaped to safety.

I went to the meadow to look at the sky with the others. The seals (so you'd swear they were - same shape, same sheen, same impression of ponderousness,) the seals in the air were still talking among themselves. The sky was a spotless deep blue, the "seals" all black, with fins that looked like rudimentary hands. It was utterly amazing. *How do they do it? How do they manage to... And they look so intelligent, stoichiologically surmising and all... Balancing their words, or thoughts... What..., what kind of uplifted animals or celestial beings are those...?* Mighty puzzled, we were asking all kinds of questions. They had appeared in the sky a couple of days ago. That was the main reason we had invited the non-nudies of the neighboring camp up to our domain. To discuss and comment about the wonderful apparition of the shiny magical beasts conversing by themselves up there, and aloft. Such miraculous situations. But now lo...! At last the "seals" seemed to have arrived to an understanding of sorts... No more weighty conferences atop our

wondering heads... They had started drifting away, only that now there were millions of them drifting in the same direction - opposite the sun that had started its slow descent... The seals were "flying" (without wings) higher and higher and faster away; only that now, come from all the corners of the firmament, there were many, many of them, and their shapes were not identical to those we had come to know; some of their shapes were a bit comical even, almost cartoonish, grotesque... And yet, the whole, how imposing, daunting, stirring... The wife of another fellow was at my side, we embraced while we looked up... She was a beautiful woman, bronzed, strong, with short hair... And now we embraced still tighter... The sky was changing into astonishing shapes... The forms the sky was conceiving were now mainly like enormous, heaven-encompassing peacock's tails, with chiefly brown and white rhomboids, but also rhomboids in other iridescent tonalities... **In a world of so many miracles, why should anything, at the end of the day, be impossible...?** I remember commenting - and she holding me tighter.

Unfortunately a superannuated plane appeared now very low, licking the trees, its motor making the sick noise of giving up its ghost... We were afraid the plane - all black, and heavy, all of metal often rusted at the seams - might fall upon us. But it fell a bit off the camp. We saw immediately a thick plume of dark smoke. We rushed, she and me, only that we were by now a bit far off. And then we saw two naked young women get out of the plane, no too much the worse for wear, a few scratches and bruises and stains of grease and coal - they were wobbly, but who knows

from what, if from fear, or shame, or too much of an intoxicating substance brewing inside them... There was nobody else inside the wreck. The women were both very embarrassed; nobody bothered them much. There was no fuel left in the plane; it didn't really burn, but it looked like a pile of junk.

We walked, the other's wife and I, deep into the fields; we sat down among the rows of recently planted oats; we kissed; we decided that we were part of the miracle - the seals in the sky, the odd images sketched in the firmament by the conjunction of the elements, the planes that fell, all those signs of life and of mystery hidden and manifest - who knows what's really (really!) true. Everything might be possible - the return of our selves - the return of we as we really are under these disguises of flesh... "*We might see ourselves again in a world undreamed,*" we concurred. Nothing has been discovered as yet. So many possibilities ahead...

And then she got up. She went, so marvelous, a goddess into the sunset.

At length I got up and went into the opposite direction. I found on a lame chair a pair of trunks that I got into. I walked past the camp. I gathered a few bottles of orange juice that were unopened; my intention was to carry them to the fringes, I didn't want that they should spoil, go to waste. Only that, lost in thoughts, by and by I had walked into the wrong camp. There were some steep steps in front of me, a stairs difficult to climb. Also I saw that there was a mechanical ladder working not far from the stairs. Loaded with the dozen bottles of orange juice,



I started climbing the stairs. A fellow was atop them, dressed all in yellow, in a sort of military uniform, with a pumped up cap like those worn by generals. He started shouting. Actually he was congratulating me. "*Magnificent work, citizen compatriot!*"

Then he was talking (shouting) to somebody behind him. "Behold, soldiers, a pure clean fellow, a legal local citizen, a man of our kind, climbing the stairs!"

Now I saw that behind him he had a company assembled - about twenty young fellows all dressed martially, in yellow, all of them I noticed holding in their right hand, not a rifle or another weapon, but a bottle of milk (milk, I assumed, for the liquid inside it was all pure white, as the liquid inside my bottles was pure orange.)

I had stumbled into a camp for blossoming right-wingers - a camp that I knew to be not too far from ours (about thirty miles, I reckoned - that must have been the large stretch along which I had gotten stranded.)

The commanding nut was haranguing his troops: "Then they will say that only the dirty bastards, the tainted immigrants employ the stairs - that we real McCoys are too degenerate to climb stairs, that we consider it beneath our station... No way! Here you have a hero! Not only a properly hued person, build like a demigod, and loaded to the gills to boot, but also a man of quality: observe how fine his hands, behold the classical shape of his nose... He looks to me like a rare product of the heavens... And he climbs the stairs like an immigrant...! He doesn't take the

easy mechanical way. He takes the hard bitter heroic way! We are able to be strong and earthy too, my dear purebred clean-blooded fledglings! Not only them are able to endure; we can too!"

They were looming huger and huger, a gigantic yellow egg about to burst. I was in the middle of the stairs and the general, after effete glancing and smirking my way, gave an order: "*Let's meet the hero halfway!*"

The yellow boys came to me as an avalanche. I feared for the bottles. I put them down one by one. And now I had to be embraced by each of the boys. The general, from the upper rung was paternally smiling; very straight, and proud. Now he gave another clashing order. "*Climb to the bottom and up! Let's show the hero that we also can!*"

The yellow blob went down and up in an exhalation. A quaint demonstration at once of bearable stamina and acceptable coordination. Then they stood behind their "general," in correct formation. The boss told them to be at ease, and they started drinking eagerly from their bottles - I noticed that their bottles carried now my orange juice. I peered down at my bottles - they had been all violated, they were almost empty, or filled with murky milk. I left them there. Silently I retraced my steps..., headed back to our nudie camp...

The night fell while I was still lost in the fields. The stars were so strange. The sky was a complete snake with many eyes, many refulgent eyes - **What am I but a possibility**, I said, trudging along, bombed.

---

**What am I but a possibility**

**In a world of miracles, cannot everything happen...?**

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---

## Suite

\* \* \*

**proudly, a malingerer**

yes, sir  
while others toil and kill  
I flirt  
with the pretty  
nurse.

\* \* \*

**quietly fading**

a wisp  
borne by the  
zephyr

from the mirror  
to the ether  
as a  
speck of dust  
spilled  
from an empty  
vessel  
that now reposes  
upside down.

\* \* \*

**there they are – the thinkers**

the eggs or the icebergs as self-referential creators  
brooding until rupture and upburst,  
until capsizing and splitting,  
kneeling the keenest once the idea,  
spunk spilled on a mirror,  
gels.

\* \* \*

**now sag the flaps**

of rough tender scary flesh,  
flaps that ought to be  
ears,  
noses,  
dewlaps,  
eyelids.

\* \* \*

**how benightedly horny,**

how ravenous the heartache,  
and foolproof the enduring traits...

and then  
how they flew – all those squandered  
years  
of thoughtless youth.



\* \* \*

**ah on the news the flashy tinkerers**

notching another one for “peace,”  
drunken hulks of sobriety  
slowly putrefying,  
each flap of flesh breaking loose, or rather cashiered  
into a netherworld  
where their only  
line on the long shirred paper  
hissingly burns.

jilted monsters now,  
their sweltering spunk  
spilled on cue  
into the notches stung into the frayed fabric  
they themselves helped unravel.

sinewy thugs quaking in filth then  
to whom now someone sings dainty eulogies;  
quite handy with the awl,

and the shiv,  
and the screwdriver, they used to be,  
every jolly Jack a ripper.

damned  
into eternity, a stink that shall  
float about the quavering dry parchments  
of the smellers of carrion, the history  
buffs, so-called.

\* \* \*

---

## 5. End of the Earth

**Lo, terrorists galore as commanders-in-chief**

Simian assassins armed to the fangs  
Roam the devastations already visited  
By their cruel precursors.

*Every war further kills the earth.*

That's the insolvable question: How  
Can a murderous monkey  
Direct the vanguard of the most  
Destructive army the earth has ever  
Misconcieved?

And no mobs flaring up in riotous  
Revolution to rid us of every hideous monkey  
And his murderous gang?

It must be that

**The Collective Psyche is already giving up**

As it prepares itself to passively endure  
The end of the earth...?

---

#### 4. sunday

### **Sunday**

Here are again the stupid bloated maggots

The fucking bourgeois going to mass

*Ach*, the repugnant processionary worms

In an orgy of a stagnant mess

All ears and farts then for the words spewed

By a fucking preacher - ignorant creep

Praising all wars as the bible said

For they shall bring tangible benefits

And the farts will then continue flowing

In Merkin all is for sale - wars are invented

And sold cheap, and what's reaped is weighed

Then, accordingly to what was gained, assessed good  
enough

Or just another failure - though never fear

A new war is on the offing, my faithful

Farting maggots, forsooth

Peoples of the bumpf

Maggots of the three rolls of bumpf

The coran, the bible, that thing the jews read

Bourgeois to the masses

Masses of messes

Orgies of worms

All their ludicrous preposterous

Laughable hope lies in lies

Lies in lies

Lilies for the corpses

Turds on your heads

Maggots, begone

**I am a man, not a worshipper**

**I shit on all their gods**

**I shit on all gods**

**Brave must the man be**

**Who braves the unknown, you creeping**

Orgiastic worms on whom I tread

Obliquely, dismissingly, smiling

Who cares for wars - who cares for  
The maggots' orgies  
Who cares for the paradises promised  
To those that kill the most  
Who cares for idols bloodthirsty  
Who cares for the bloodthirsty thugs  
That wage the planned wars

Don't fucking offer me the work of killing  
For the corrupt and the rotten  
For the bourgeois who Sundays go  
To mass, for the idols of the three  
Ragged books - pure bumph to wipe one's  
Asshole - whose shit was written long ago  
By bloodthirsty thugs, ignorant creeps  
Maggots processionary, unpalatable

Despicable.

---

**20. such ugly remains**

**Dancing on the sward**

From the aging mansion where the youngsters are wont to commit  
The most horrific suicides – they  
Electrocute themselves high in spiky towers  
They hang themselves with chains at the end of which wolf traps snap  
They disembowel themselves with kitchen knives  
They sedulously maim and amputate themselves  
They go at it always with a keen intent  
And succeed in making such messes of their own corpses  
That picking them up it seems – I'm told



It seems to be really disgusting.

From the crumbling sumptuous melancholic mansion

Where awed shamble the doomed

The manic fervidly set their complicated self-killing contraptions

The degenerate mechanically ensnare their own wasted bodies

It's good to be just the gardener

Always outside – (never been in

Who'd be so crazy to want to?)

Always semi-busy and about trimming the paths

Always married to the deep green of the plants

And the deep blue of the sea that peeps up where the sward

And the turf gently slope

It's good to be just the gardener

Occasionally musing at the pink rain while shacking

In my shack at the other end of the huge garden

My holy sylvan abode

And when the old woman of the house

Ancient survivor in the old rich mansion

Comes out to dance a few steps of a minuet on the vast lawn

It is good to be the gardener who reaches out his hand for she to hold

During her simple pirouette

Alas always before yet again she is summoned in front of another ghastly

Suicide

Last of the bloody brood already – not many more left

Let's hope

House without youngsters house without angst.

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### **19. trouble at the cage**

#### **Wrong passport**

First I hate crowds

Second I hate lines

Third I hate bureaucrats

Trite trolls ensconced in their clotted quonset cabins.

Now the times presses

It is becoming too late

The runty fairy takes my passport

I make a few remarks

*Notice that I could've move ahead with the notables*

*And the other shitty v.i.p.'s*

*But I'm one with the people..*

*Hate prerogatives and privileges you know...*

Must be mightily pissed off by now the damned spook

Too tired with stamps labels countermarks that kind of garbage

Nonetheless he fucking takes his time with my passport

Don't he.

When the syrupy hours elapse my head collapses on the counter

I take a few exhausted winks

The mob thins

The din subsides

Somebody else – a lowly woman – elbows me

Hands me the passport *He had not enough*

*Space (leaves) (pages) to affix his afflux of notes*

What...?

My passport all smeared with multicolored provisos

And mainly with insults innuendoes questionings

Plain frontal assaults regarding the state of my sanity:

I'm not only crazy I'm also dangerous

*I shouldn't be allowed anywhere for a span*

*Of more than a couple*

*Of closely watched days – and at the least slip I should be committed*

I'm frothing with anger

If I'm so crazy mayhap I've got a license to kill the turdy

Son of a bitch...

Only that he's out to lunch.

I'm pacing outside at a loss now

I'm sizzling inside

I've got to destroy that fucking state (state of things) dares deny

My rights and moreover officially makes a walking disaster

Out of me.

I'm boiling mad

Roaming without a clue

Even bathed in the afternoon zephyr

I've been rumminating along that narrow street

A tub

A tub precariously balanced at the edge of the curb

Placed to be picked up by the garbage people soon due

Gets a furious rear kick out of me

It comes loose

It rolls down gathering speed

It will crash into traffic

It will cause chaos and mayhem at the crossroads

Against which the ally abuts  
That's why I'm running down some handy side street  
I see the sea at its end  
A marina where in floppy idleness the well-to-do  
Use up their last one hundred sixty-two days allotted  
To live.

How am I to mix unnoticed among them?  
No sweat  
First let's cross the torrent separates me from their tasteless luxury  
The torrent skids down along the solid rim  
I'm running on.

It's all sham  
Decoration put on  
The open sewer goes to the sea  
Near the sea it gets canalized it sinks into a culvert  
Under the flat pier it seethes  
Under the flat pier above which I'm walking nonchalantly  
To mingle with my worthless peers.

Am I too conspicuous  
Too conspicuously a branded crazy  
A patently non-allowable...

Who's to say?

Can't I stroll also with a certain flair flaring my nostrils

Lifting my head tilting it so and pinching my lips

And tut-tutting myself

My image on the shop windows

Faking it maybe a mite too much

Not that anything ain't faking

On the contrary all fakes in a fake setting

It's all bunk all bogus

All show off...

The dying (and the living) taking place always elsewhere

I'll melt all right

I'll melt and wait for the coming smelting

Where I'm bound to fall also in a few

More escapades

At last going in full consent with the current

With the current down down

Another dead smelt borne by the smelting.

## **Running to catch the last train**

Always so hard to get into that last train

The annoying goodbyes the emptinesses the aloneness

The realization of nothingness implied in any broken packet from the past

And then the flight

The climbing of the iron steps full of piles of recent defecations

Over the old ones – and those last over what one might call already the coprolites

Your skill in avoiding the shits

And now the running along the decrepit ones' sinister street

With all those coquettes of a few old women without teeth

That concomitantly laugh and defecate only lifting a little their wide

Beshitted skirts

And now where would you put the emphasis

Of your slipping soles that add commas of shit or quotation marks

On the text of recent defecations on the gaudy street where the dying strut...?

For you've come to the brink of the cliff

And now but fast the big decision

About what to do then about that road that stops or ends abruptly

Whether you should jump for the ledge to the left

Or the ledge to the right

Both ledges so bloody narrow

The drop at the lip of them so steep and deep

Lethal

The ledge at the left looking more worn out and greasy

From the steps and hands of previous passers...

The left it is then...

But the drop is so fierce

Your heart is dangerously faint

Oh and now here you fly down the precipice...

Your death before the last train's arrival certainly certified...

What a pity

But wait that your hands have managed to grab the railing

Of a balcony belongs to an end shop of a lower rung ledge

Where the people are younger though maybe meaner...

The termagant of a shop owner wants you disengaged

She comes a-poking with her butcher's knives

She wants you down she wants you dead

*Hooligan!* – she's shouting – *Damned hooligan!*

But the lady customer imprecates in your favor?

Well maybe she does

She's lifting her arms to heavens and reproving the boss



Telling her to mind the eyes of the hanger-on  
*Look at his terror look at his outrageous fright the man's a wreck*  
*And anyway the bump you complain of*  
*The bump at your window it was made from the inside*  
*Not by any outside hooligan but by one of ours it was...*  
So the miracle is on  
The boss' heart softens  
She turns her back she allows you to climb up the railing  
And walk down the gallery to the next floor...  
From that flat deserted floor full of rain and ruins  
Through the neck looking down toward the lower rung  
At your peril you must now traverse  
The gangs of younger and younger thugs...  
And then the unending useless works  
The works impassable  
Where the workers look at you with irrepressible hate  
And their gigantic machines of raw iron dressed in loose concrete  
Would swallow you whole (are they even yearning to?) with a gulp  
So you better turn legal  
You better turn into the normal way of access to the station  
You better alas try to make it through the worse gang of them all:  
The cops – they don't need any excuse to harass and to murder  
They are the fucking law...  
How they poke at you with which haughty stupid loathing  
How they pretend to look for drugs or who knows which other shit

Inside your gullet with their filthy monkey hands down your choking  
Mouth...

Finally a cruel cultivated captain – a nasty fairy

Lets you go forward into the station per se

He recognizes a fellow skeptic

Only that down on his luck

He sees a kin after a fashion a kind of compatriot

One of them with the scarred hopeless disbelieved soul...

The trail trembles becomes white hot

The train is in abeyance sighing like a dragon in the last throes of sleep

You'll make it yet

You'll make it

Relax

Relax...

---

[17. taut ribbons](#)

**Companionship of pullers**

We tried to save his life  
The boy was sick and in bed  
The bed high on the hill  
The bed his deathbed if nothing were done  
Before to impede it  
The bed his carapace of burning brimstone  
Of red hot iron  
His Nessus' shirt.

Long ribbons white and red  
Were brought down to the road's rim  
So that all that wished to could also pull  
And hard.

We tried to save the sick boy's life  
With long ribbons doggedly pulled  
By all the stopped automobiles' drivers  
Striving toughly on the road at the foot  
Of the hill.

Unfazed disease  
Idle effort  
All to no avail  
Alas

Another instance

Of the ah all so truthful saying

*Everything comes to nothing*

*After the striving.*

Taut ribbons

Totally ineffective

Futile struggle

The sick unmovable

Soon apt pasture for the vultures and the rodents

And such.

---

## **16. bullet through the intruder's head**

### **Loving the morning**

I love to belong into the early dawn circle

Even if only discussing  
The earlier fires that ravaged  
The small businesses  
The big businesses wanted ravaged  
In order for them to build on the ravaged  
Grounds.

Love to belong among the pestering sobbers  
And the blubbering complainers.

Love to belong for a while in the circle of humanity  
If only commiserating with those that lost  
their earnings and their little businesses  
If only cursing and railing against big business  
And the big business thugs  
That disguised as arsonist thugs  
Burned down the whole row of little businesses.

I love to disengage myself from the depressing circle  
Grab a friend  
And walk together on the roofs  
Munching toasted slices  
Of bread.

I love to peer into the two windows  
Where my old humorous drawings  
Are exposed on the walls  
My old humorous drawings  
Funnily twisted little guys colored  
With colors bright  
And sensible nonetheless

.

I love to stand at the door of my house  
When the rows burn.

Love to defend my property  
And my friend  
With a shotgun and a clean shot  
Through the intruder's  
Forehead.

[15. parsnip in her narrow beak](#)

**All by instinct ruled**

Somebody wanted to kill him during his sleep

He had parried the blow with the hot brick

He had said to his wife

*–One in your family tried last night to blow me with a whack out of the map*

*By instinct alone I grabbed the hot brick and smashed him*

*First before he fled.*

Or *she* fled – she said.

*–Anyway he must be sporting a nasty bruise*

*By now on the head*

*Or the face or the shoulder you know*

*Please be so kind as to in a discreet manner*

*Ascertain then who might it be.*

*–You are too friendly with the woman folk of the household*

*Commenting too favorably on the color of their dresses*

*And insinuating how healthy and appetizing their bodies look*

*The man folk don't see it with such leniency as you'd hope for*

*And then there are the jealous hags*

*They feel spurned and affronted if the praise coming their way*

*Is deemed to be somewhat of less import than the one their rivals get  
Or there are those that reckon that you are coming on too strong  
Too aggressively...*

*–Me? On the contrary no way*

*Unfailingly too gentle*

*For instance can never approach the heteroclite spread*

*Or the blackening pile*

*Of any suddenly offered bargain*

*Never dare or care to push away the eager strangers*

*Vying to get a piece of the shitty loot*

*Truth is their touch alone repels me excruciatingly...*

Soon the abode was in turmoil

His clothes were always wet

His cushions and his bed always wet

His pillows teemed with untamed oblique quirks

Burned films of horrors past

Soot swerved about from new prickly tiny craters

On ceilings and walls

Enigmatic sounds of fetters heavily drawn

Along narrow passages he surely heard

Filtered through the partitions that grew like mushrooms overnight

Lewd anchorites burgeoned from erst homely nooks

They frowned defiance upon the foreigner



He was heckled as any defective too ugly neophyte would...

He screwed up his courage and readied his suitcases

And started his journey at a break-neck pace

Endless vaults and new alleys appeared in the building

New crannies new stands new shops...

A vertigo was his that blatantly unsettled his wits

His reign he was relinquishing bit by bit

He was a pharaoh doomed

He had embarked in that druid business and now he was alone

His acolytes flagging

His vestals and nymphs swooning hither and thither

The unholy mirth of the enemy closing in...

He scratched and growled

Rent were the slimy curtains

Scruffily sighed the imps

*Whoever dares impinge into our realm*

They whistled

*Anyone who crosses the jinxed causeway in deadly earnest*

*The lost soul that strode over the unquelled worms of our corpses...*

And so on.

He was worn off

In the throes of despair when he found the door

To heavenly outside.

He fell agroof over the flagstones.

Flabby scared on his soiled duff

No longer personable and smooth

He had been just zapped

By the clammy law.

The residual chaos of himself bemoans

Almost instinctively the unfairness of his luck.

His wife

Still alive

Peers from a garret orifice

She seems to hold a parsnip in her bill.

---

[14. you bet you animal](#)

## **The animals you bet**

Animals always so busy  
Their busyness dizzying.

I told my family I'd only come if carried  
But when we arrived at the foot of the scalinata  
They left me slumped in my wheelbarrow  
Wrapped in my blankets  
Not for lack of charity as sundry a tourist must've thought  
But because they were fed up  
With my childish attitude.

I got up to the dismay of the charitable ones  
And took the little wheelbarrow where I erst was crammed  
And filled it up with clayish mud  
The result of last night pouring over the seven hills  
Surrounding the city.

I brought the mud into the riverbank  
And emptied it there on the scant strand  
Then I gave away the quaint wheelbarrow to some ragamuffins

Who were elated with my gift  
On the shingle of the shore its wheels rang  
And its metallic body boomed.

Next I went to see my friend's little gipsy dog  
And took it for an eventful stroll along the rear  
Of the row of the fairgrounds permanent shacks  
Fronting the river.

Behind Madam Magician's gaudy shed  
We met a little witchy cat  
Boozy and breezy and so cute  
With whom my gipsy gray doggy  
Both played and slightly fought  
In a deep muddy puddle  
They wallowed and frolicked  
In the end both were dressed in slime.

We went up to a ramshackle badly leaning faucet  
And washed away the muck  
Luckily it was a warm afternoon.

Now we encountered a makeshift memorial  
That had under the cross two tablets

One with solemn easy verses  
The other with some cartoons by a skilled hand lovely made  
About a soldier who in spite of having had  
A quite ordinary youth  
Had to go down in battle at such a tender age.

We went back a bit morose into my friend's shop  
He said *I didn't know you had taken the dog*  
I said *You were so busy at the time*  
And now I went behind the counter  
And prepared myself something to eat  
For which I even paid  
A client came in  
He had a thick dog on a leash and on a little string  
A painted rodent  
I said to him *Is that a rodent or a very small dog?*  
He said *A rodent*  
*A fashionable rodent if you please*  
*Its pelt has been shampooed*  
*Barbered and colored*  
*As you see in orange and green*  
*And do you know that I was asked by phone*  
*By so-and-so*  
(I said *I know him!*)  
*To write an article about that type of rodent*

*And its domesticity for his magazine?*

I said *He never pays*

*Does he?*

The client said *He did though very little*

I said *This is how he became so rich*

*Damned impresario*

*By not paying his flunkies*

Didn't I know!

The animals meanwhile were going hither and thither

The shop was alive with the movement of animals

The shack

The fairgrounds

The earth itself

The universe loved it.

---

### **13. the roar of stardust**

## **Help from above**

Who whispers foul play

Is awfully wrong.

The numbers he ratchets up

The beautiful stranger

At any game

Be it physical or intellectual

At strenuously jumping or sitting in thought!

He amazes the pants out of everyone

Myself not excluded

(Though himself excepted

Sure thing.)

I'm just a coach for little guys

I'm saying to all and sundry

See?

See...?

What a great example

My extraterrestrial

Is!

He stirred

No longer dozed the giant

The roar of stardust

Was clawing back into his

Conscience.

He'll fight the harder now!

May the public be prepared!

If I'm lying I'm dying

The fear upon the bunch.

**Sovereigns of asspain: their turdy effigies burned**

The seedy maidens and their obsolete romps



With their pets contemporary  
Whose loathsome antics  
Offend the sensibilities  
Of the piteously humiliated knights of the motherfucking  
Motherland.

The pious Hindu  
The ruthless thugs of the Vichy regime  
The always-repellent asspaniards  
With their fascist king  
Pushed to act and appear like a fucking horror  
Deep into the invaded provinces  
Provoking with his stupid cruelty the meek enemy.

What a pack of wizened creeps!  
(And the stage for the quiet farce  
Of the roaring flames  
Set.)

Etiolated swam in the filthy porcelain  
The turds of patriotism  
While the child of liberty sat  
Still drowned at the bottom of the pool  
Of ancient bloods.

Incontinently

Foresight be damned

The simpleminded gambler

Crowned with his crown of bleeding turds

Emerged (nudged – nay – propped) by the fools of his court

Of fools only

From the disgustingly subterranean latrine of his birthright

To balance his embryonic frame

Identical to a voiding baboon

On the widening grindstone

Of his crumbling kingdom

By fascists built and by fascists greased

Band of murderous klutzes.

Of old spanceled bears the boozed-up killer

*(Could that it might happen*

*That the decomposing ghost of murdered Mitrofan*

*Came every night to bugger his turdy asshole*

*For a bottomless string of hellish eternities!)*

The monarch of the archaistic latrine

Of a vain cemetery on the fritz

Of a land riddled with castilian shits

The ladies the stinkier

Nuns of the corpse

Bemoaning their rotten luck  
Another fascist coup short of the grave  
He pursues his convict's party  
Uttering lies  
To provoke his way into  
The fascist army's mass  
Assassinations  
Which they crave for every night they are dying  
Of hatred.

Indeed  
Dethroned by a coup as soon as he dared  
Be intelligent and quit  
At his crap-colored burial the grins unthwarted  
Of provincial traitors  
Of decaying lackeys  
Swimming like turds  
In the glum blood-soaked milieu  
(Whatever they do always the same grim ceremony  
Of castilian inquisition)  
(Incapable indeed of escaping the curse that makes the castilian  
Such shivering bowels)  
(Swimming in the eviscerated womb brimming with shits  
That is their shit of a dreadful country)  
(As for Franco the fascist the first

So now for him

“Franco” the fascist the second

Or for his also aptly named son

“Common Latrine” the fascist the third

Third putrid bourbon or castilian fascist

Fucking indesinent bane!)

In mourning enshrouded

The ugly castilian whores to murder endemically addicted

Their hoar-frosted wombs

Slumping down atop the garbage of their cunts rotten

Singing ethereal

Like coprolites whirring on blackboards

Of dry blood

While amid the morose fares of stunting leisure

The fetid grasshoppers (of their breathing corpses issued)

With their delicate scissors

Are cursing all present

And sparking in droves

New plagues for a land maligned and doomed for centuries

On end

(Until the castilians are once and for all by fire

Exterminated.)

Ah for the flames

Wildfires

Wildfires!

Wildfires

Demolishing the inconsequential gravestones

All the wilted crestfallen nonsense

Written

With accent horrific

And turds on the middle

On their surfaces of erasure

Where heads endlessly rolled

Droll spectral cobwebs of dried bloods

Poisoned

Deleted assets from sweeps of ideologues

Cynically collusive

Dangerously patriotic

Meaning all crooked and bent

All criminally bent.

Rural players still lurk

On the healthier peripheries

Their enthusiasm unrivaled

Wealthy in half-forgotten schisms

Braving injury

In foreign stadiums.

What a goldmine of razzmatazz and wholesome exploits

Hygienic

Lit up

In the gurgling Springs of many shameless Catalonias

Reborn and reborn

That blend with advantage

The harmonious ordeals

Resentfully bound for reprisal

The corks that don't ever sink

The ghost shields of sympathy unbothered

All those luminous Catalonias

Of the word melodiously sounding

That slide down smooth light green walls

To belong

To belong among free nations

Armed with new shining weapons

And untainted

Untainted by bossism and fascism

Never infected by the same disease

Washed out the filthy hypochondriac castilians

Always to their cherished latrine utterly

Chained.

By new zeniths spellbound  
In jest and in token  
The sight of the tawdry roadblocks  
Of a shitty turdy netherworld of bathrooms  
Latrines of monarchic birthright  
Abhorred as always  
Dismissed valiantly  
Horny Catalonias full steam ahead  
Burning the pampered whores of leisure  
Ugly castilians.

*“Long live the earth!”*

---

## **12. dripping cheeks: blenched**

**Ample umbrellas**

Here they were again

The jolly mothers

With the ample flowery skirts

And the wide-opened umbrellas

Flocking

Twittering

Voluptuously splurging at the soon not so crowded

School's door

Arrived like a perfumed breeze

To pick up every eager and boisterous tyke...

Every happily puddle-churner of a tyke

Besides

The strays.

The strays

Rain drops on their dripping

Cheeks

Blenched.

---



## 11. all cross the river [one]

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### **All cross the river (1)**

Those that walking hug the side of the bridge

They peer from the balustrade

And down there are the waders

The swimmers

There are the bulges of those that drowned.

No parcels or belongings too big are saved

Just little stuff

The big items slowly flow away with the drowned.

On the train that running at the center of the bridge

Crosses the river

The cops are hard at it

They don't want "*nobody that don't belong*"

They wield the flat machines  
Against which none is ever shielded enough  
The machines that ascertain if...  
If you then really belong  
If you wouldn't then be a damned stowaway  
If you'd be then a passer of forbidden material  
And then so on.

Here they come  
They scan the blind man  
*"And what is this...?"*  
They snidely ask – (a thick sheaf of smuggled banknotes?)  
(It rather looks like)  
*"Those, sirs, must be the observations on the beetles"*  
(Observations, piff!)  
But no really  
The blind man is an expert on beetles  
He's got them all carefully described  
In them tightly packed sheets of rusting paper  
He examines them (and damn the stings and acids)  
By touch  
Smell  
Taste  
Plus he has all the sounds they ever make down pat  
Only missing are the colors

Every bug gray

Utterly gray

And the cops are puzzled

*“Should we kick him down as the train moves?”*

*“Do we ignore him also?”*

*“Is there gonna rain another blind man*

*On the sedulous*

*River crossers?”*

There are some rowdy youths

That divert attention

They are combating at twisting one's limbs

Let those that twist farther without breaking

Be the winners

Ok but less loudly

The cops are against a woman now

*“Smelling cunt and melting and molting and melding hard”*

But a harmless joke amongst comrades

(Hey is she infected...?)

*“What's this...!”*

With a sudden strike of his talon

The cop scraps and snatches

A lentil of blood

That was stuck on her body

*“That woman has lentils of blood!”*

The cops get busy  
Snapping at the lentils of blood  
Scrambling like rats on a body that's dying  
The woman's screaming  
And now she is tossed down into the reddening river.

How agreeably though in the beds  
The few that cram them  
Seeing the combats developing afar  
*"It is all like a movie"*  
The wives touching the legs of the husbands of others  
The husbands likewise  
(Or widdershins rather)  
And the warmth enveloping one  
The warmth and the bodies  
The windows so golden  
In the crepuscular light.

---

## **10. body or luminous arena**

## **Arena of creation the body**

The body is a round enclosed house  
That consists of a vast core  
And a thin outer layer inside the rind.

The body as a round house includes  
Under the skin an outer circle  
(A single long narrow corridor  
That lit only by dim lights  
Runs around the core.)

On the upper rungs of some portable steps  
The director of the movie of your lives  
Imparts instructions  
To the lot of them actors that ever touched  
Or approached you.

Everyone listens with a certain nonchalance

Until alas the cops irrupt  
And all of you and your (the authors') directors flee  
Pell-mell helter-skelter.

The essential ones (the brightest indeed)  
Save themselves coming in.

Inside the core a circus  
A vast school of art  
A vast and luminous and colorful arena of creation.

All hues and tints and implements  
(Pencils of flesh of gorgeous girths)  
Are there for the taking by the artists  
Whose objects shall shine  
Summoned from the hallowed halls of  
Commensurate feedback.

Joyfully one wallows in the sand  
Of the circus where the footprints  
Of the moving peoples and the moving cattle  
Won't ever be ascertained  
By the cowered police  
For the entrance and the exit into the arena

For every intimate flock  
Is always unforeseeable and anyway  
The cops have always been properly delayed  
And misdirected  
While the flocks disappear and melt into the crowd.

The arrival of the cops  
Is always greeted with amused jeering  
*“Get thee back into the sewer!”*  
The more lenient shout  
*“Craven rats riddled with vermin!”*  
*“Slimy lice!”*

While the arduous dramatists  
Are apt never niggardly in their histrionics  
Even to send the worthless trespassers’ way  
Torn tussocks of their tragic hair  
Where poisoned needles are stuck.

The cops are nobodies  
Getting smaller by the minute  
Our joy of living affects their borrowed pride  
Their defects bubble forth  
Their ineptitude  
Their crude tactics  
Their shame

For they realize that indeed they don't belong  
In our circus of love.

---

---

**9. lights out for you, rather, you jerk!**

**Bobby Lightbulb, sluthdom's top mistress**

*"Lights out, Lightbulb!"*

Barks the dog, the god, the cop.

*"Hate bromides, you punk!"*

I reply

And shoot and kill



Without compunction  
The interloper cum awful punster.

Came the aggressor  
Through my bedroom window  
That with brutal effraction he busted (indeed!)

*“Bring thy butt into the bed!”*  
He commanded while I knew  
Exactly under which pillow my gun fretted.

*“Bring thy butt into the bed*  
*As my bud develops into the bloodiest of*  
*The most gigantic flowers that be, babe!”*

*“Bad bid, Bud!”*  
I’m thinking and  
*“Bloodiest and stinkiest your flower*  
*Like that lentous and fetid great orchid*  
*With orchitis and sundry suppurating orchioceles to boot*  
*Which flowers once in a blue moon*  
*I’m told*  
*And the name of which I forget”*  
As I was making believe I was compliant enough

And therefore going to suck  
His tacky flower like a degenerate bee  
And my firm dry hand my fretting gun  
Was feeling with glee.

The neb  
The nib of his gun  
On the knob of my nob  
He notices some of my subtle shenanigans  
Ah  
*“Lights out, Lightbulb...!”*

*“Hate bromides, you punk!  
For which crime  
Amongst others  
Take that  
And that  
And that...!”*

## **I must not be ready to die**

I'm a pioneer

Lighting lights

In naked corridors where

Nobody else's yet trod.

But I'm not ready

To go down the dark unlit

Unlightable

Stairs that probably lead to the bottomless

End.

I retrace a little my steps

"Let me go to apologize (I tell

Myself) to all those I've left behind

Reading or musing

Blind

A little more in the dark

After I've lit all those new lights

Along the new corridors

Nobody had given light to nor even trod on  
Before.”

---

## **7. call the dog Geez-ass**

**Call the dog Geez-ass and beat the hell out of it**

I hate dogs  
When that creepy football  
Player got so thoroughly insulted  
By all – the fucking mob of moral turds  
I was horrified  
I thought here is a creep kills dogs  
And every fucking dog turd lover  
Falls fangs and nails on his throat and  
Tears him to shreds.

Shitty dog turd lovers

I hate them as much as

The shitty dogs and their ubiquitous

Turds – disgusting animals all

With the soul of cops.

I hate cops

I hate Geez-ass

The creepy football player

Who might have earned my sympathy

Shittily said that he had found Geez-ass

Geez-ass – fucking dog turd with the

Soul of a cop.

I hoped he meant

He had called one of his turdy dogs

Geez-ass and beaten

The crap out of it

But no

He had become just another shitty

Football player – a dog turd

Licker – an ass lapper – a

Cop turd lover

Now I also hate him.

---

## 6. soldiers : clostridia

### **Soldiers : clostridia**

Soldiers clostridia you  
Are the lowest zombiest  
Of the most disgusting bottom crawlers.

**“Why to kill or die  
For Merkin’s poisoned apple pie?”**

*“Because we are rotten with murderous stupidity, sir!  
Rotten, sir!”*

*With murderous, sir!*

*Stupidity, sir!*

*Sir!*

*Sir!”*

---

## **27. well and why not**

**Have you found the yellow sign yet?**

of course that's the deal

if the dream is feasible and plausible enough

I'll make it happen and the hell with it

alternate realities or what have you

the point it is a pleasant enough pursuit.

but if it is too ugly or impossible then what

nothing I'll skip it.

I dreamed last night that my coffin was yellow  
all yellow – a burnished shiny keen yellow  
well and why not  
and now I had to think hard  
either I had already the coffin and then I would paint it the same sort of  
yellow  
or as it proved that among my scant belongings I owned no coffin  
I had first to buy or make me one  
and then paint it yellow  
that was the deal  
and a welcome one too.

but I also dreamed that then two thugs  
while I was unawares cleaning something  
some weeds and burned candles  
at the corner of my office  
two thugs had been busy at my back  
clearing my coffin  
stealing my appurtenances therein...

as I confronted them and saw their nonchalance  
their hated indifference to my questioning  
their malicious matter-of-factness as to what pertained  
to their hideous activities  
and in my anger I punched one of the thugs



the fattest and thickest  
in his fucking gut  
and the other  
his hands loaded with my stuff  
had this frightened face...

well all that I couldn't make it happen  
unless two thugs really materialized thereabouts  
and proceeded to rob me  
that's to say the contents of my spanking new yellow coffin  
while I was employed on tidying the corner of my office  
which effectively held a profusion of burned candles and tiny nascent  
weeds  
as I realized when I kneeled down and started sprucing up  
the up till now indeed too neglected corner  
of my office  
which is all so apposite  
for who would've thought  
that ancient ceremonies would still be represented as relics  
or what have you archeological vestiges  
oozing up to the floor of my humble office and then even  
imprinting themselves as acid effluvia  
on the palimpsests of my dreaming machine  
the head?

thugs be warned though  
I punch thugs' guts easily enough  
when so provoked and instructed by the oneiric shamans  
of my archaic memory  
and never cowed neither  
for I know that the consequences are already written  
in the simmering histories of the skies.

---

---

## **26. burning like squibs**

### **Palimpsests on the nuns' tummies**

I've seen the iron-willed pencil

with which my busy umbrella striates  
its delirium tremens on the tarnished buttocks  
of all those clouds so pregnant with malice  
– all of them rostrums embellished  
with twee tackiness and average abjection  
from where stultified heads of preachers preach  
their claustrophobia into spirals of pocks  
that rain on earth and roam the men's-rooms  
where mopey moan the moraines.

Pocky are the morbid buttocks  
every pock a stemma that oozes semens  
as if it were another Roman nun's navel.

Ah the semens – nemeses of my mama!

Would she pester against the establishment!

An establishment that allows the demeaning of the female  
whose vulnerability  
(like the podophthalmic antennae of the crabs that haunt the merkins  
the stilted gems whose meaningful wet samaras fall  
like omens on the ludicrous wobbly cobbles  
where the manhoods of men trot larval and writhing)

an establishment vile enough to wallow  
on the ruins of the vulnerable female made then as labile  
as the dry striated semens the nuns umbilically store  
stunning sluts seen from a distance...

Wiry by the wayside  
sheltered by some rusty eaves from the slums  
tried as an awkward obstetrician to read the new wisdom written  
by the pencil of my umbrella on the bankrupted marrow of the sky...

It was like trying to read luggies and snot  
collapsed on the hilt of my hand  
a semen cru of a dispirited vintage gone to pot.

My mom was right  
muscle men emboss with their fist the welkins  
as if the welkins were the walls of their dens  
where they mate and sputter  
and scatter the entrails and whittle the skulls.

And the morbid clouds are the foolhardy buttocks  
where the fists collided  
the teasing asses  
harnessed in poisonous chill where the noses snooped  
and later the mops erased the names of the mimes that came to cry

their semens entanglements of resented writings done  
with pricks that were fists.

Pops like a van carrying fireworks and exploding midway  
a bolt of lightning.

With this

(my eyes on stilts burning like squibs)

to nil comes my cavil

I only know that

the sky's the puppet ass of a worthless fat whore also.

---

[25. the rot is on](#)

**How hard again the transit**

Caretaker in a girls' boarding school

I took care of the feminine bodies

With hand unnoticed.

I washed their dirty clothes

I cleaned their bedrooms and bathrooms

I counted every item of clothing – checked carefully

That the tags stuck – counted holes in the meshes

At the barriers on the boundaries explicitly surrounding

Our hallowed ground.

I appreciated them being always 'round.

There were no dead

There were no strikers

No internecine becripping of the sweet-smelling troops.

Gravely I used to fondle the mud

How well I remember now the mud

The soft malleable mud where their buttocks and their piss had lain

Smilingly beckoning

Evocatively dreaming of creation.

How well the tasty mud

Now that the ground is unyielding

Now that the dead and the strikers sinisterly come sidling to our side

Sick snarling brutes

With evil intentions of mayhem wreckage thorough extermination

Now that the pillows are nails

Now that the eager sores are never asleep

Now that the torment lingers

Now that the plague rules the roost

Now that famine is ubiquitous.

There's no clean water

The mines are crumbling on our very heads

And the strikers don't strike with the paltry sticks and the makeshift flint shovels

At the stony marbled coal that hides maybe the pure torrents underneath.

We are trapped in those galleries

Dive into whichever side and the sharp griddle of raw bord cuts at your wrists

The hard strata of ore surly draw farther prisons on your scalp

Shines the blood on the shiny carbuncles.

*We are all in transit*

*Make fucking do!*

I shout to the strikers whose baseless uproar threatens our work

*We are husks borne by the draft of the revolving doors of renewal*

*Don't you fucking understand?*

Because they were appalled that I wouldn't allow the dead to be properly buried

*What the fuck would "properly" mean*

I shout

*It is the fucking same*

*It is the fucking same*

*It is the fucking same!*

*Buried or not a corpse is a fucking corpse*

*The rot is on either way*

*The flies the grubs the maggots and the bugs*

*The patches and splotches of liquid rot*

*It is the fucking same "properly" or not!*

So nice that those girls were

The fuzz in my guts (grown ferocious

With extraneous eyes and fangs

Devouring each other – the more proximate the first)

Even the fuzz infallibly yearns

That buried or unburied

Rotting away all the same

The strikers and the dead were already one and the same

As the ugly and the beautiful were for me the same



Indiscriminate I in my attentions

To the scrumptious hulls they so carelessly and adorably left behind

Anonymous underwear which my wounds healingly did wrap

The counted items so deeply inspected before they went into the washing machines

The molted meltings so cherished

The abandoned themselves that they so blatantly forgot or even despised

In their transit to the paradise

Of a future sure promised

Yet so long to really come by to

As witness

Alas

As witness

Our plight

Where promise gurglingly beckons indeed

Though indeed so very faintly now...

---

**What a dreadful bane**

## **Death to asspain**

I hate opera

I used to like it

(Minus the fat sows and hogs

Fulsomely trying to pass

For ephebi and other virgins)

But then that species of sick spic appeared

Plassído Domingo – (or Plafido

As he said it

And which is a name that makes him still

More of a singing turd)

And then here I was

Irretrievably disgusted by opera

Opera equating shit.

The turdy guy's is an asspainer

And spics I really hate

(They taint with their wickedness

Everything they put their priggish claws on)

But if the spic's an asspainer

Than nothing is shittier

For me

I retch and tremble with

Nausea and loathing.

**Hey only the asspainers**

**Dare put a turd above their name!**

*(Epana epanol*

But with the added abjection

Of the angry shit of a wavy turd above

Got it?)

Fucking creeps

They only look like chimps

Actually any monkey

Beats them at tic-tac-toe:

*“Sick turd”*

The ape mimics

**“You lose!”**

What a pretext for sewage

They are

Expendable cockroaches

Apostles of pestilence

Any arid idyllic landscape

Made gooey and infectious

With their presence.

The gods with me yawned no more

Came the singing turd and they and I

Panicked and left town

Never again to return.

No gimmick can redeem nor rescue

The operatic scene.

Go fuck yourselves sows and hogs

Exert upon the unwary your baneful influence

I hate your stupid attitude

Refusing to acknowledge that a singing turd

Ratchets turmoil and the whiff

My god

The whiff

We faint

We flee

Never again

No

No!

## **More death to asspain**

My brother Cardenius Lightbulb

Was born in Alacant

Catalonia.

He had trouble with his papers

And then he fucking started wondering...

How the fuck could he be an asspaining spaniard

If he is a Catalan...?

He's hated the (ass)spaniards

With all his heart

He's been wanting them all dead for ages

On end

Nothing has he desired as deeply as their extinction.

(Hey, or at least he's often dreamed

As who wouldn't  
With the delicious prospect  
Of all of them out of one's own country, *en masse*  
Like the plague...)

Scram, fucking awfuls  
Stop cannibalizing  
A Catalanian is not to be befouled  
With your excruciatingly sickening name  
Nor to fodder be equated  
For you to hideously munch  
He's been saying forever  
*Out and away*  
*Vermin*  
*Far to the ends of hell.*

For who could ever abide more of their stink  
And their constant thieveries  
And their nauseous N's  
(With that shitty bourbonist turd they carry on top  
Talk about an eyesore, shit!)

Catalonians speak Catalanian  
(Ass)spaniards cackle (ass)spanish

Damned bureaucrats

Are they so fucking stupid

That they fail to get it?

Well

In too many instances

Apparently!

**to hell with the bloody sickness**

nobody wants asspain!

uglier pain ever inflicted!

what a dreadful bane!

asspain is painful

down with it once and for all!

each of us has to find some sort of remedy!

drastic nostrums: let's apply 'em all

unanimously

from the venom to the ax

from the scouring acid to bomb

and from hey what have you to whatever

no treatment barred

the subtlest allowed together with the awfulest

on the contrary: the more lethal the better

for the suffering's been going on for too long

plenty of brave people have had to suffer from asspain

time to eradicate it

let's blow asspain out of the bottoms and the shit-smearred maps!

ah sweet payback

ah superb redemption

remember the fallen

all those noble

enterprising peoples who were robbed

exiled horribly tortured and killed



by centuries of asspainish inquisition

by centuries of asspain's hated motherfucking misrule!

and yet its murdering goes on

unabated

fascist borbonist asspain

it simply must be stopped

by all means necessary!

at it justice-seeking heroes of the world!

crush asspain!

do away with it already for all time!

death to asspain for evermore

let's all do our utmost to erase its nagging corruption

the world would be a better place

to be in

without the traces of it: the bloody sickness

without the memory of its tyrannical stupid ill-sounding actuality

a tiny paltry but monstrously annoying canker on the earth's skin

a hideous cancerous outgrowth the earth itself must get rid off

if only to gain back a little bit of well-being and peace

'cause asspain – ach, asspain

asspain's such an unbearable

unbearable

shit!

---

## **24. soothing the cruelties**

### **Cruets at the ready**

Near the river

The quotidian fights and the ghastly torture

Pimps dogs servants whores

Harsh beatings swift murders...

How easy to turn one's head toward the geometric gardens nearby

And peripatetically expound upon the landscape

With a friend who also wants to avoid trouble.

And how comforting to apply the cruets of Dalí

A few drops of olive oil over the wounds of pain

A few more drops of the wine vinegar of the sarcasm of his wit

To comment also on the uncouth happenings of the evening.

The heroism of the haggler

Who educes from the gaudy figment hell-bent on slaughter

A meager reduction of the fee

The whore made of sawdust who coaxes the devil

Into yielding some of his flame

So that she might explode with glee

The enchanter who to his tongue's hilt emits

Those siren's sounds of wasted velocity

The knots on the necks of the sorrowful lackeys and attendees

Who can't rightly discern among the umbrages and the felonies

The indelible impact of the fact that we are not there

Not we.

*"Gotta be outside*

*Can't be in*

*Could be in*

*Only if unseen."*

*"Them the dapper and the known*

*They have the run of the place*

*We the unsightly and the wise*

*Are banned from the light."*

And now?

The night steadfastly impelled by the shrieks of the dying

Bestows its dark blessing

The river ekes out a reasonable current

Propelled by its recent affluents

The new bloods that the gutter brings.

The dumb chorus observes the utter darkness

And mumbles damp sentences among the boles of the trees

Vertices of the labyrinthine garden

Where dawn is bound to drip

Drop by drop

As from the cruets into the crudities.

---

[23. gods - the posthumous ones](#)

**Crawling gods hairy dark unkillable**

Giddily slither the bugs  
With their lily-like harpoons their beady eyes  
Their many legs hairy and black  
Their mottled glans  
Their puce prepuces  
Their bleating mouths  
Their unctuous invocations  
Their vicious hearts  
Their wrinkled assholes from where volumes  
Are shitted of quivering stinking platitudes...

I've been a secretary to a dentist  
To a clumsy dentist I might add  
I've seen pain  
I've seen faces scorched and flayed  
Unwrapped  
The faces you'd see when you opened the iron maiden's door  
And the fellow inside had been pierced through the nose  
The eyes the mouth  
His bowels topsy-turvy

His organs every which way  
And burst you bet  
Susurrant seeping garbledly gurgling  
Telling one to pull the chain on it all  
Once and for all  
The deed done...

I've been smirking high on a booster seat  
Fronting the circus  
I've even had my courage briefly rubbed off  
My heart lumbering  
My blood whipping  
My lungs yammering nonsense  
When for pure pukka tiptop deterrence a beast jumped on the bleachers  
We keen on aucupation  
A hawk feeding on the filthy wealthy  
Extracting its tithe on the eyes of the onlookers:  
There is something as having too much fun...

But those bugs  
Those bugs were unkillable  
Did I try to stick up their asses a stick of dynamite...?  
Did I ever!  
But no  
No event so singular that could end them

Not even a nuclear bomb making a dent  
Their atoms undetachable  
Tightly bound with an inexpugnable glue  
Are they gods...?  
They must be  
Probably the original ones  
Or else the posthumous ones  
The gods we left behind  
For that's the only way to kill them  
To kill the unkillable bugs or gods  
Shadowy presences nibbling gnawing  
Ratty rotting  
Fraying scouring  
At the dusty corners under your bed  
Thereabouts ubiquitous  
Scrunching freely  
Corroding your corns your feet  
And beyond  
Your innards  
Your soul – membranous tattered torn down...  
  
By wiping your conscience clean  
*Tabula rasa*  
Die please die

Die...

And thus kill the gods.

---

## **22. eye angelized**

### **Angel eye**

He approaches - a fish out of water waving his filamentous fins

His breathing hands sifting the desert dust

And he's got a knife he's got a few sharper ones too stuck in his sash

Armed to the gills

*After the gelding I'll be much better than a man* he assures me

I'll be angelized.



Dove into the swamp  
Swam until I became a riddle of slugs soft weeds bloodsuckers teeth  
Ran through the jungle  
The freezing reef I climbed like a skulking ascending glacier  
Then I lost my foot and my alibi  
Fell a wreck at their cataphracted feet  
Blindfolded and gagged they had me quarantined  
A luminescent amoeba now-defunct enkindled the bleak sojourn  
She was a tiny parasite in one of my eyes  
She saw my suffering  
She remembered my childhood  
When I was such a stud where all the old patricians croaked with envy  
*That I'd better be made better than a man soon*  
My prick showing the proud depravity  
Of a lean never lame boomslang  
*Agreed agreed* their jealous rusted voices croaked  
And the amoeba clung  
And made love to my eye  
My all-seeing eye  
My angel eye.

---

## **21. fates frantically webbed**

### **Crisscrossing lines of fate on alleys quite frenzied**

One wonders

Why the rapidity

Isn't it better to stroll along the road?

The procession of cars with the rushing nuns crammed in

Shall collide with the procession of cars replete with the flushed heavy families

That speed on the contrary direction

And what a bother all it shall be

The shambles the smokes the conflagrations

The bodies the bloods

The sirens the hounds

My car was stolen long ago – by thieves one supposes

Never owned that damned annoyance a dog

Never had therefore an “accident” provoked by such a pesky overgrown bug

Now my friends’ house

The same I used to crash in up to the day before yesterday

Was also stolen – by the cops – or the state – (same thing)

Now I see them coming back on the opposite side (my friends)

Across the river of crazed vehicles

The friend in front waves the papers – it seems their legal or judicial

(Or whatever) steps in the city have been successful

Their efforts to reclaim the property paying at last off

The replevin papers in order – waved dangerously aloft where the current

From the accelerating vehicles gathers and eddies in little maelstroms

The friend behind looks more harried

He doesn’t rush with the same alacrity he lags he sags he staggers

He gestures to me that I ought to go back with the joyous friend

Than he is due behind

He has a more urgent matter now to take care of than the retrieval

Of one’s house

I signal that no way

That that’s my goodbye for now

There they go sweating and floundering up the side of the road

Me leisurely strolling down the other

The middle unassailably taken by the blur of hastening crisscrossing traffic

The nodding friend whose whole craving (gnawing yearning) is now

To touch back his house detaches himself

Hangs back the second one hassled disturbed  
The opposite traffic darts against him  
As my opposite traffic rips against me  
That's why I can't get the gist of what he says or even gesticulates  
That much I gather  
That he's seen some of his family on a train due incontinently out  
And he's conflicted  
What the fuck to do  
The house successfully reclaimed  
The family going away forever  
He must go back he's indicating  
He must catch the fucking train  
The house be damned  
That must be goodbye forever  
He sweats he thrashes about he's about to collapse  
But he keeps on walking fast taking my direction now  
Overpassing me by far all on the other side of the noisy track  
He looks despaired  
He fears he won't make it  
There he goes what a distressing marionette  
What a discomfort for the eyes  
What an embarrassment of a puppet disheveled frayed shabby moribund  
He is madly rushing against traffic in the opposite side of the road  
Where I'm also leisurely strolling on my way to the same station

Where sure I'll catch a train

I'll catch a train or other

That's a given

Never you fret.

---

**29. subterranean funfairs / plastified droppings from the helicoptered candidates**

**Thou anew with thine fair ticket aloft (for the return trip)**

Tidying everything before I'm gone  
Something to remember me by (I thought)  
And now it seems they remember me by  
The endearing sobriquet of "*the tidy guy*."

Picked up all the papers  
Piled them up in tidy mounts  
Picked up even all the discarded underwear  
From the secretary girls dirty after their parties  
And saintly debaucheries.

Now I was loaded with my goodbye packages  
The street a bit slippery  
The metro station the wrong one  
The corridors dark  
Some of my little suitcases misplaced  
The funfair underground labyrinthine  
Its shops darkening and almost deserted

And the criers not even bothering with the shadow of me.

Luckily I met a friend of old

Who hadn't given up

He was back at work hard as nails

And he put everything to rights

With a sad face though

Because I was surrendering to pressure again

Bailing out retiring to pastures green

Alone and naked and empty-pocketed and so on.

Little consolation he gave me a few mementoes

For my collection of trifles and worthless trinkets

From the city back at home in the sticks.

Took from his pocket a few electioneering badges

And match boxes (three or four)

That he'd found on the floor

As he was walking today and he'd thought

About me

For which I was very

Very touched.

We said goodbye there at the dark platform

I see still his hand waving goodbye

And gesturing showing which way the right way

To get to the good station that would carry me

To the station

Where the train would carry me home.

Such perfection of organization the world

I was so touched

My fingers still smelled of the girls' crotches

The train was lulling me to sleep

I had a slight erection



Peaceful pastoral home beckoned

And my trinkets joyfully tinkled

What a perfect world indeed.

---

[28. clues on the angular walls](#)

**Angular walls of the fortress hotel checked for clues**

Ah yes the hotel

Well it was full and we were bound to stay by the window

Looking at the snow

The hall was teeming thick with breaths and smoke

I told my son as soon as you see snow anywhere

Scan the landscape

Wherever you are in a train a plane a coach a hotel

And be light-footed enough so that you take your place

Near the nicest available girl

The more well endowed with chest material

And ass substance the better

For the hours shall be long

And nothing warms a heart or a body as a nice big chested  
big assed woman

Son at your side.

Keep your ears peeled she'll tell you soon such intimate details

As about the time she pissed herself and had to hang her underwear

Well wrung on the racks of the communal bathroom

Or... But you get my drift – as I was saying substantial stuff indeed.

The wind was blowing outside

The snow afloat

The trees surrendering

The bears hungry.

Scheming or running

The runners and the cheaters were scurrying in and out of doors.

I told my son never you fret

Morning comes always soon enough

Often you are caught by its light even in the middle of  
your endeavors

And you are puzzled and amazed

And you scream to the forces unseen that hey you weren't  
even half finished

With you secret delicate nocturnal chores

For only in hypnagogic vision one guesses enlightened

That there is truth and that there touches one reality.

I remember now in the tundra

When we were stationed in the abandoned mine

The frozen torrent had to be dug up in order to find some  
of the soldiers

That had died during the previous war

And had been buried in there though nobody knew exactly  
where

At which point all along the intricacies of the stream

Buried in sewage buried in which type of taxidermic  
reptilian sands

Or in which sludge I mean or slurry rather

That their moving corpses shriveled to weirder shapes  
Than when they were just tidy dudes aching for action  
In the dancing floor of the massacring grounds.

There then where the fortification at one of its banks ran in  
zigzag

Arbitrarily letting in inlets or contrariwise encroaching on  
the trench itself

The immemorial water had drawn into the rock

There we dug and well look never mind

The conditions were infinitely worse than now.

In fact of course everything evolves always to a better  
stratum

As stuff adds its modifying thrust

The outlook improves

And the definite glory you know what it is?

Is dying

Dying when your work has then been done

Once and for all – ah then yeah the sighing the blessed  
letting go...

Meanwhile though our hands were so frozen our arms so  
stiff

That we had to feed each other

We soldiers paired face to face with our stiff arms clumsily  
fishing

Into the gritty pond of frozen food

On a plate all told in front of us

And then we lifted our arms and the fellow in front

Of you fed you with his stiff arm as you fed him with  
yours

The frozen muddy dollop of incongruous potato at the end  
of your glove...

And then almost of a sudden

Wouldn't you know!

The Sun would always explode

Everything unfroze

The torrent flew the dead exited disguised and unstuck  
Their lids unclung our arms jumped alive  
The flowers popped all over the field  
The birds were ubiquitously heard they had resuscitated  
We started to sing songs much as oarsmen do  
We joked we slapped our reciprocating backs  
The cook danced a jig with his ladle aloft.

I never forgot those days  
How could I and how could you now son  
Look the snow is the page where all is written  
Indelibly don't you agree?  
Forever extant and the Sun explodes only in order  
That the page be renewed  
Where another episode of our epic should appear  
Splashed in such magnificent clarity  
Our eyes at the beginning smarting

And we rubbing in consequence our lids with some  
alacrity

So that the phosphenes should add a few more  
protagonists

Disfigured and all to the queer proceedings on the stage.

Then the snow outside turned red

Arson is the fulcrum where snow finds its leverage

Is also the setting in where the incubi delve

They are blushing as their alibis are shot

They are accused to be accessories to asphyxiation.

Beneath the old soldiers smolderingly slumber

But do they fume? Only when the Sun's too keen

Its explosion unwarrantedly muscular

The processes meanwhile push on the landscapes puff on

The rampant smuts offer their syllabic gambits against the  
eroded walls

The ramparts become flatly synthetic if bizarrely stained



With a language I don't understand.

Every entity this side and that of the glass gets imbued

With the fiery madness

Macabresquely prostrates itself.

It's too cold again

The son's trying to disentomb the father from the snow

The father unfound

Unfound as yet and surely for evermore.

Useless frostbitten undertaking son

Scan rather the apparatus that suddenly takes off

A revival of sorts

At it then courageously.

Virtuous after such debauchery wallowing

My eyes not clinging unclogged

Under masses of snow.

But why the elegiac tone?

Scan scan the landscapes

Now

The protruding forms behind the wondrous

Angles

Do though take care it doesn't pay to scrape one's shin.

---

## **By-passing the onslaught**

The first man forgotten  
discarded at the side of the road  
the second though relentlessly behind me  
burnt to a crisp  
a filthy piece of brittle coal and yet behind me  
relentlessly  
obsessed  
intent on “getting” me.

I went up to him  
such a sorry sight now

burnt to a crisp

burnt by the sundry conflagrations from the many traffic accidents

fiery crashes he's been involved in

plenty plenty

by now plenty indeed

and roasted by the sporadic bolts of lightning

and stained black by the smokes of the heavy trucks

and him undeterred

without compunction

nothing doing

as yet as hip as ever on getting me

and thus whirringly

annoyingly rolling behind me

relentlessly

a bolt-blighted scarecrow

a hurricane-trashed dummy

perfunctorily preposterously

precariously

mounted on a rickety plank with scratchy castors  
underneath

his knuckles crumbling on the pavement

and insisting

a doomed damned maniac

on getting at me

on getting me.

I grew fed up with the bowel festering and the stomach rot

of having him all the time stuck to my ass

a saw-toothed rat gnawing at my ass

persecuting bothering stalking

stabbing wounding infecting

went to his cripple's cart and

kicked it

threw him skidding into the middle of the road

let the heaviest speeding truck get him

smash him once and for all.

I had taken his monomaniacal pursuit at the beginning as  
just a joke

but now it was telling on me

I was jumpy

not myself

a wreck

I said: *I'm going to the cellar to get some more wine*

but instead I became the fourth man

I disguised myself and escaped through the kitchen door

into anonymity

into fucking anonymity

far from the other men...

Dressed in a tight black disguise

as if burnt to a crisp

I ran into the night  
and he nowhere to be seen  
perhaps still with his burnt night-black face  
intent on the front windows  
peering inside with the dead holes of his eyes  
and the hunted haunted third man  
left nervously imbibing with the guests  
and joking emptily  
and fussing with the goodies on the table  
and watching his back  
watching his back all the time.

---

**The economy's shot, man, but what else's shot?**

## **President of Worldly Bank “seen” and “ob-seen”**

A certain dame

namely a leisurely pedaling French lady

said:

“riding pillion on my friend madame Baguette’s

tandem bicyclette

yesterday morning while seeing the sights

along the canal

I saw monsieur Zelick

taking ze leak



his long prospects

proportionate

the rate of return

commensurate

the yielding

parabolic

his projected growth cogent

the curve becoming a tangent

all revenues at a pace

and I called the police

fussed the chorus

of scudding crows

pigeons turtles crows snakes

as it came thudding about

the acrobatic insidious trickle

so many beasts the gutter

for one piss on

I ask you sirs?

we were all jostling from the ruthless

toxic gimlet of his rush

my predatory eyes the gimlet

that turned legible

as scrawls on a chalkboard

now the dingy borborigmatic output

my gaze glazing upon the obscenity of it all

the bike stumbling

me coming a cropper

mm!

it saddens the hell out of my soul

that husbanding his resources

such a luminary can not

what does it tell *qua* the health of the world?

it overflowed the gentle banks

of my contempt

and I broke into the bargain

mine nose

no nails no teeth

his worm

but in an hallucinatory fog

despite the floods of everything

I saw it through the dust hiding its head

would it eventually resurface harmless or limp

slender phallic lameness

I wondered

I frowned on the yellow ribbon

now evaporated like a specter

of nevermore land

threatened though I felt myself

as it encroached

outside the purview of any farther acolyte

I stood my dusty ground

a dialog of toads I followed next

I must have been half knocked out

I puzzle now about the bother of it all

did he throttle it to extinction

like a rope around a neck

when he heard the dry collision?

madame Baguette sprawled  
like a blot or a doodle of bad taste  
and me badly bleeding as I say

strata of fuzzed burred conscience  
hollow themselves in the fragments of my skull

panic spills  
like from a deceased meal

bomber fishes bomb about  
and there are snakes in the acid lake  
of my brain  
where the ideas remembered melt your flesh

I'm baby faced  
I have six legs

six tiny little stumpy hands  
and inborn forks to eat with it at the end  
of a few of them

it is his slug

his leech

sucks not the essence

just the flesh and the bone

and it has a face too cute

not scruffy at all

except when he's farctate

he's crammed to the gills

then he puffs his cheeks

and I fancy him not at all

the worm

the worm

on the long path home

up the scraggy hills

I am not a snitch

but I am scared

the wages of my sanity screwed

a batracian beggar am I

chaotic grow my scales now

after the communion

taken with so much withholden sperm”

dead-panned furthermore the snide lady

as the sound of the tape now wanes

and a trickle

fainter and fainter

is far off

far far off

slightly

yet

one guesses

guessed...

---

they started drawing with their scalpels thin lattices

fuliginously silhouetted against the penumbrous corridor, she tells me: a swath of lit Möbius strips arose around my discarded clothes as the doctors made me strip... I saw the obstetricians eagerly hoard some of them... as if those twisted strips were any worth to have or relevant at all anent their diagnostic criteria...



later, they tarried, mumbling amongst themselves... as I showed obvious signs of discomfort... they pretended then to already get to work... they started drawing with their scalpels thin lattices... thin bleeding lines on the random fields of my exposed abdominal skin... ellipses mostly, they drew, oddly enough... the axes of those ellipses generated, with the gathering blood, shiny carmine drops that now looked like cones, now like cylinders... or else, as vortexes or spirals now... all the topological surfaces... somewhat polarized... painful medical procedures, all told, that... I found no clue as to what purpose they were having... I wanted to raise my concerns about... the whole set of shenanigans the doctors were engaging in... their tools, for instance, normally used in garages in order... in order to mend automobiles... my brain activity... showing now signs of utmost stress... my reflexes less automatic than... you... might have wished for...

expressions of extreme disgust were, I'm sure, facially appearing... not only facially... also on my whole façade... shifty shades... shifting summits of scowling... of snarling... of nail-baring... subtly demonstrating that... I was perhaps desiring the death of the butchering bunch... they though... kept trifling with my innards... damned interlopers... talking meanwhile their pusillanimous garbage... bland pabulum for the abulic... all my bodies in a state... sieged by piddling anomies... nothing to write home about, I thought...

suddenly... a shout arose from the archaeological ruins of my forgotten self: **"get rid of the fucking fetus already and quit immerding around...!"**

their paws spastic like those of a constipated dog while dropping hard tiny turds on the unyielding ground...

then the blustery blowzy peroxided nurse... massaging with long-drawn nails my anus... she said: *it improves your range of inner vision, speeds up nerve movement, increases air flow through the bowels... all of these boost your ability to either battle it out... or give in and compromise your survival rate... the individual organism, whose adaptive value is well known amongst the more cognitive of scientists, fears naught beyond the biological...*

are there onlookers up in the dark bleachers of the operating theater...? why is she become another arcane signaler...? keeps on wincing and prancing toward the missing audience, I notice from the corner of my right eye... she says: *behavior of this sort suggests that the amplitude of both distinctions is one of half a degree if even that much... so, though it matters a lot for the individual's survival, it is on the other hand neither beneficial nor pejorative in the broader world of social and non-social phenomena... (a dimension to take into consideration and nowadays being thoroughly*

*investigated...)* that the woman shed or not the evolving parasite that replicates at a furious pace inside her most kernel-like membranes... she mutters against herself... her prattle includes miscues... she's said too much... **"the evolutionary mystery of why neuroscientists ultimately fall in bulk prey to the same manias they try to extricate from their patients... are findings that will have to be disclosed at a later lesson..."** the surgeons are about to trample her... her heels all scrunched-up already... floored and minced by military boots...

she flees, crying... her sensory functions impaired by the pain and the shame... she doesn't go far, though... dives head first into the whole body magnetic thingamagick... the scanner... whose whizzing and burring betrays its extreme irritation... inimical device, whirring... from idle gone to hysterical gone to insane... "positron turbines..." "raving mad frequencies... hopping on the spread spectrum..." the scanner fries your brains... you always come out, if alive at all, mentally diminished... she probably deems she deserves that kind of cleansing...

lame aphorisms are being tossed about my head... I'm laid out over the moist warm table... my body a swarm of trapped bees... and outwardly innervated with new abnormalities... them buzzing... green-cloaked buzzards feeding on carrion... they kept on jawing, nasally, about spontaneous mutations... rare syndromes... brainstems branching out... I was cool... observing it all from above, unconcerned...

once, twice... here it is again... I remembered the sensation I had being born... I say: here I am, at my birth again... time and again... those trite ephemerides... nonetheless engraved in my old brain... **are they, the rummaging intruders, reviving the old groove...?** I guess they must... it lends credence to this supposition the fact that I'm aloft yet unsupported... whereas down below... a woman's legs are spread... and a battalion of hands are ramming in down the broken doors that lead, raggedly, to her all higgledy-piggledy torn, tortured, womb...

I squirmed... the bed was creaking... ominously... **battalions of crooked, prickly, ripply hands stampeding inside Elzi's bodies...** a-quiver, I tossed the quilt; I stickled pugnaciously between the sheets... how to unstick them... took umbrage with the whole layout... rocketed the bundle against the wall.

---

**all the suspicious characters are men disguised as women**

it must have been the worst cognac ever... like licking a rat, I was thinking... and... getting laid, what a waste...! and then, to top it all, that thing, that hellish beverage...

it threw me for a loop... I went... like a Götterdämmerung monkey... fast toward the sink... hilarious... almost broke my neck... I had to gargle something... the fracid water for the tap... much better than the sulfurous cognac... he... that over-male writer, the Stanley Baker type, in the darling film **Eve**, with glorious Jeanne Moreau as the ur-fatal female... only that, instead of a "bloody Welshman," the stellar oaf was a no less bloody Catalonian... a writer of sorts... "working for the cinema," his words, undersigning his twisted, fancied, productions with that juicy, or maybe just farcical, name of "MM···WW," which must have made, let's say, the curiosity button, of a few potential employers, itch... "what's this MM···WW thing...? is that the name of a machine...?" "no, just a writer... he also wrote for such-and-such... a film..." clever ploy... the guy perhaps not a total imbecile...

now, the fellow himself, a poor performer indeed... getting laid under those conditions, yeah, what a waste... but then, worse... his cognac, yikes...!

I came back from the sink... we were in his garret... his garret, a narrow venue indeed... not ripened into a pigsty

yet, but never so clean either... the charwoman herself had been there while we were chatting about "culture..." not a bit too clean herself either... full of blotches, her face... those red and white blotches caused by a state of depression... she came in limping... dragging her heavy shadow like a corpse... she hanged around... with the little skips and dodges of a clumsy thief... she had no success in unhooking any of the jealous grime... faithful, dogmatic grime on the chapped fake porcelains... whipped despondently at the chaos about... carved a few meager scarifications into the dust... smote a few worthless rags into submission... all her utterances were loud sighs of despair... and then she was gone.

said the writer: *she was worth a few fucks last year, wait, two or three years ago... but then his family fell apart... a lot of oblique abductions... some obese characters that burst somehow... decimated... an outspoken boy killed by the cops... the sky falling on the whole family concern... the scheme in disarray... I put her in one of my stories... I made her a disaster of an authoress... never managing to sell a line... even to those shitty religious comics... and then she's killed by her religious would-be publisher... who makes of her a quite successful authoress... she manages to sell now many, many books... she's been gruesomely butchered and her dainty flesh is now being used as little tasty bits packed in tiny books... affordable, mock-refined gifts... her flesh turned into choice morsels of bait for fishes... also, as selected treats for cats... she's a scream now... fishes and cats crazy for the stuff...*

back from the sink, I had an item rankling... in my mind...  
I said... ah yes... something about the gods...  
"Götterdämmerung monkey..." he had been showing off...  
much like the writer in the film... only that where Stanley  
Baker says: "I love all women - six to sixty," he said: "*I  
love all the cunts, from four to one hundred and four...*"

I said "one hundred..."? I said "four..."?

he smacked his lips... he said: *those pouty lips on the cunts  
of the little girls... why would god make them like that... if  
not to entice the lips of us men to give them moist kisses,  
and the more Frenchified the better...?*

I said "god..."? I said "men..."?

he got my drift... *ok, or rather not god... that damned  
usurper... but the goddess, the goddess, yeah... goddess  
Nature... anyway, why would she make them like this...? if  
not for us human beings to kiss and revere...?*

this talk was throwing me off... he must have felt... the  
freezing settling in... my side to him quite frozen...  
sending waves of animus... poisoned quills... his creepy  
words being a deterrence... he blushed bluish... became

uxorious... melting into a swamp of effeminate warmth...  
this fragile plot of his threatening to crumble...

I thawed... he had gorgeous eyes... burning... black.

he was telling me about an outline now... a thriller... a  
terror thriller... so intensely... very involved... his eyes  
burning holes in my integuments... seizing power, my  
throat constricted, my eyes tearing up... he as possessed...  
so full of passion...

sham passion... but a woman with a wet vagina doesn't  
have... too keen a sense... about rightly feeling... what is  
and isn't bogus... she is busy otherwise... no time  
unwrapping the convoluted wrappers of pretense...

in the outline, all the suspicious characters are men  
disguised as women... but, at the upshot, the real culprit...  
the cruel loathsome killer... is a woman disguised as a  
man... too predictable, I thought...

I was deflating again... he went into some unashamed  
capers... *"darling, our brief epoch will crystallize into a  
wreath of unforgettable vignettes... with you as a model,  
my writing shall become divine..."* plenty of slavering



rubbish of that tenor, caliber...

and then he drilled me... just fair...

I got up and went to fix me a drink... took a morsel from something bitter... tasted of leather... was I chewing on some of his blinders...? I heard him snoring... I drank the cognac... the scream of horror and disgust must have awoken him... his visage betrayed now a frayed exhaustion... as if his skin had become moth-eaten... failure showing through the gnawed skin... but as I was running like one of those monkeys... the failing gods... and stumbled... he laughed... sonorously...

I said... I remember now... something about the last embers... the dying evening of the gods...

"your plots," I said, "all male chauvinist shit... why don't you... become a woman... disguised... operated... and then... make a killing...?"

"a woman...?" he really looked spent.

I spat onto his bundled clothes and, slamming the querulous door, I breathed the nocturnal air, still with a mingy, pissy, taste in my mouth.

---

cruel play: deaf divinities of death

**males are on the wane**

we went to see a play in which the dire dictator of that empire had his teams of soccer duly maimed... the field players rendered armless... so that no hand foul could be committed... while the door-keepers or goalies had had to

have their legs hacked out so that they could only use their hands in blocking the shots... and scanning around reflectively... the peoples on the bleachers... both in the play... same as those seated near us... looked like (or rather already were) mummies...

we came out of it rather disgusted... all those hissing green skulls at the end, roaming among the vestiges of empire, raving... wallowing in sewage... sewage... its dreadful stink... apparently running like sores on the stage... and the gory mummies, with their perfidious muzzles aflame... coming up to the audience... masked with glowing skulls.... telling each of us on our bewildered faces about what awaits each of us... the hole unlimited... the hole without end of blackest asphyxiating death... death... death... and luridly titivated... like dying whores... stabbed here and there by the slivers of decay... bleeding... or oozing ugly tacky... glaring syrups... staggering among the smokes and the fogs... vitrified notched skulls, green, phosphorescent, telling us... death... death... their foul breaths... exceeding themselves... no man in the audience reacting like a male... a gaggle of geese... cackling... quitting... giving up all resistance... retreating... tails high... taking those excesses up their asses... beyond decency... my nails eager to pounce... angrier by the second... imagine us proper ladies pandering to such filth...! suffocated, Elzi, only yesterday back from the sanitarium, had taken off her gloves... bad choice of show, I thought to myself, recriminatory... she meanwhile... all at once... she moved it up a gear in order to pummel... unmasking the deadly portents... the death portenders... a tigress... she got herself a trophy... a plastic skull sickly refulgent in the sick blinding light... a gangly asthmatic

boy behind it... without his shell, helpless, weeping... as if his harpy of a mom were excruciatingly rebuking him again... *we won't have no more of your nasty wetsies in your didee...!* a scuffle ensued... somebody, a giant, shoved us down... humps in our crania... kicked out of the theater... now rubbing our lumps... disgusted... walking slowly... not elated after having taken action... voided... defeated... all that constant waste...

a deep depression slowly settling in...

home, in our chambers, Elzi, robed as a specter in a dungeon, from mirror to mirror, very self-conscious about her "insect" visage... with that cruel smile that couldn't be erased... *with the insight of a knowledgeable louse*, she insinuated... knowing more than she could comprehend... while life persisted in its tireless ruthless siege... her gills or cuticles or plaques heaving nonstop... look at the bloods, the lymphs, the goos, beating with an unstoppable monomaniacal... nitty gritty... obsession... again and again... pacy or apace... toward... toward...

I was afraid she would start asking "*where...*" I jumped, all spruced up, so bogus, optimistic, a triumph... I said, *listen, let's fuck, let's forget about the shitty play, about the humiliation of the veins and such, about the horror of the outside...* And then I became joyfully censorious: *what...! fornicating during daylight! what a fucking sin!*

she laughed... I was so relieved... I dove into her cunt... I licked the slender topaz above the entrance... sobbing with gratitude... she came in an explosion of giggles and yells... after a little while I heard her snore...

back with wobbly legs from my spelunking junket... I took to speculating about emulsions and emasculations... if... I said... *if... a poisoner be the worst sort of murderer... what about the poisoners of our minds... all those preachers of self-hatred... all those worshipers of death... the religious creeps surrounding us like the infected rats of an ultimate plague...*

I remembered the arcane arcadias elsewhere... how we drove the cattle safely into the mountain refuge... how the trucker told me his name... *name's Ac Ac*, he said... he added after a pause... a pause pregnant... *"ac" means "shit" in our language...*

perhaps he expected me act affronted or shocked, meekly tickled, sillily ticked off... instead I said: *I guess it is as well to be... a double shit... when the rest of us are just a shit anyhow...*

"I see you are an understanding lady", he said, the mongol

guy... he had taken his tawdry worm out for me to have a go at a rocky suck... it is so poignant, isn't it...? women are as dumb as fishes... allured by the luring effect of the wiggling wriggling revolting worm... their mouth waters as soon as they see the soft lurid hook of the pulsating bait...

he was pleased with me... all the mongols in the convoy fucked me afterwards... I said: if scrawny Maura can fuck millions to exhaustion in a day, why couldn't we fuck a few less also with no detriment to our constitutions...?

afterwards their glances glanced off my skin all but reverentially, I'd say, obligingly... kind of shy... with awe... they were all exhausted, etiolated, ramshackle... and I as nothing... as fresh and dandy as a mountain flower just born... a fountain goddess... wiped clean... insofar as the squandering of one's juices went, mine had on the contrary probably gained in volume... whilst their levels had fallen beyond the red line... they felt empty, and somewhat hoaxed also, incapable to go dribbling about... their ponderous tread on the pebbles not arousing the smallest suspicion of a skip or skit or skid or scuttle or... spent... almost dead inside... the cattle meanwhile frowning, unattended, untidy, the sacrificial rehearsal unapplauded, without public... their play of death ignored...

overnight... with a single rolling of the dice that were their balls... I had become their totem of worshiped inviolate

flesh... I woke busy... *first inning on*, I said, *I'm hungry...*  
*thread the fangy needle of my thoughts and kill me a bull...*  
*I feel like a few steaks...*

I chose the ballsier of bulls... I went to his perking ear: *no*  
*use praying to the deaf, earless, divinities of death, buster;*  
*never any use in the event of impending deathblow*, I told  
him... *besides, males are palpably on the wane.*

---

### two jaunts through tarry pipes

angry moths were emerging from the dark abyss... I was  
peering into Elzi's cunt... an intrepid scout enkindled with  
the thrill of sundry discoveries... all those quaint nooks  
and coings... and then I sunk deeper yet, fathoming the  
obscure zone... and it had happened: the sudden fright of  
those screaming moths big as bats... behind the batty  
cloud, an embryo... an embryo who, barely skipping a

beat, from the size of a polliwog had risen to be at least a mighty prawn... prancing and squirming, the prawn grew to be a hippopotamus weighing who knows how many tons...

at its peak, a womb is a lopsided microcosm where simulacra either gambol happily or scrap by, depressed and half-suicidal, whilst certain quotas of determinate shapes are filled by the sedulous work of the tiny cellular employees whose decline would announce the end of the world as we know it... bribery of acquaintances and mysterious bureaucrats will carry you only so far... the rest is up to you... you alone, my darling strapping tyke, against the uncountable cruelties of the natural world... for instance... try to avoid like the bleeding devil the ravenous hunters... the army and its burly uncouth minions, always hunting, on the infamous prowl after down on the doldrums young bums... poor guys... ventilating with dirty gills, their collapsible ears utterly collapsed... the depressed clueless youth... and the fangy hunters bribing them into becoming legally-shielded murderers... and ultimately self-murderers, of course...

we women so strange sometimes... squeamish about eating bugs and beetles but delighted always to swallow the slimy spunk of a man's spout... a man's spout... an overextended clitoris that, in insectoid bursts, oozes now and then some disgusting excretion...



the dream was becoming silly... we women "*unctuously constituted and thus more inflammable for pyral combustion...*" – a memorable line, as I perhaps had read last night... women as cunts and wombs always... and fatty subcutaneous flammable stuff under the shiny hairless carapace... eggs in women's shapes... carriers of an alien massive virus called the embryo... the hype and the upheaval of maternity... but in the end, all said and done, nothing but flesh subdividing into flesh... all that amount of soft pink becoming hard pitch black... a blood denigrated...

or, again, strangling a dick... murdered, bruised... crags appearing along the shaft... vessels bursting... *who'll suck on this...?* the grotesque faces of the taunting tantalizing men... conceited hero (he raw)... erstwhile so self-sure down the avenue... and now look at him... rag-and bone, wretched, drenched in irrelevant goo... a busted groin and, in its middle, tortuous, covered in the tacky fuzz of fire-damp, the lame dick... hornswoggled by the scraggy snagged teeth of a witch...

cobwebs of bile criss-crossing the broken-down lift... flawless nomad, though, I kept hard sledding... ripping across the pinker and pinker wrinkles... seeking the light... until...

but then I woke up... tried to tell Elzi about the dream... the journey up and then down the tube of her adventurous

cunt... but I was by myself... I bridled at the thought... but here it was: the truth... begrudgingly, bitter, I remembered the irking accident... **“be thou a survivor and thou shalt reap nothing but guilt...”** somebody must’ve have said it already...

Elzi wasn't there of course... she was *chez les* fools... at the asylum for the insane... locked in...

all the fun we’d had...! and now...?

went to the window... looked down at the overgrown yard... a monk was there, standing, his eyes raised to the window behind which I spied... he was old... I payed heed, it behooved me...

I pictured him under the puce uniform... instead of a sphincter a prune or its pit; each cheek a peach pecked at by flees; a navel of novelty sequins and allhallowmas sweets; for ears and nose, cottoncandy and acrid saltpeter; no balls but tealeaves; a crushed and yet hirsute artichoke for a merkin; shins and chin of grape skin; anchovies for lids; the mammilae two resilient bumps of snail spit... the limbs... the limbs of hoods and weeds... and he’s back from the woods on his flowery skis... there he met the morbid dough, keen for treats... he became the creator – again, another...! – damn vice of men... – and the clumsier

the more adept to try his klutzy paw at the impertinent game... – he contrived for eyes for the creature two chickpeas; for a loose tooth a bit of onion; an empty rind of gherkin for a wee-wee; black-seeded halves of watermelon for feet; for eyelashes apple parings; exploded mangoes for teats... medlars, toadstools, rotten eggs... with expertise he fashions thus his teeth... a tongue for wibbling made of quicklime and mercury... he strives to accentuated the perfection of his creation with the invention of a mind all of thick smoke... when the pudding's thought to be as toothsome as you please, he realizes that all along and underneath he's been seasoning his granny for the beast... it'd been, his great creation, it'd been... another granny disguised as by another priest...

“the fuck you want?” I said, opening the window.

the gargoyle looked terrified, timorous perhaps that I'd be so bold as to bother to come down and... as if I were to come down and ride him... too frail for farther ministrations of that sort... already hag-ridden as by his so-called virgin...

*I'd be a mendicant sciolist whose poignant emerods, layers and layers of them that accrete with the seasons, make skating up or down my rectum the scraping of a wound the pain resultant of which the unraveling of the hurtling galaxies could never equal, he said, a glint in one of his eyes betraying maybe a humorous disposition in one*

outwardly so dour...

*is alms you are asking for...?* said I.

*is that a brothel...? Have many babies been sacrilegiously inhumed in this oddly scented garth of yours...?* answered he.

*be a good monk and lift your skirts and show us your spinneret,* I commanded, showing him a coin in case he acquiesced.

he did... typically, as any doll of his build, he lifted his skirts and his knob, an inch all told, propped up... as promised, I tossed for him to catch the fulgid coin...

also he did, alert enough, with his shambolic teeth (catch it...) then, as he put on his wonted far-away look, so fake... a yearning caught at the crinkles of my hollow... I almost fell for him... but then I checked myself... *I'm not that hard-up...!*

as with a swagger he turned tail to go, though... I

screamed, stricken with desire... *wait!*

but again, before he turned his head, I had closed the window and drawn the shutters... now in darkness I brooded... having lost the purpose of my quest... my mind wavered... *who creates whom*, I wondered, appalled...

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**a motherly teat with a set of twelve hands instead of a set of nipples**

we were a bit top-heavy after we won a prize at the raffle... cavorting down to the town at the bottom of the canyon like two amazing amazons... we glad-handed the passers-by we our fake twelve hands that propped out, as nipples on a teat... the strange object we had just won at the raffle...

we were feeling pretty happy... dismissing the ostentatious

auguries of an ugly sky menacing to burst... in an allegedly depraved mood, we had been yawning adrift for a few days... visiting the fairs and funfairs... *drop me here, would you, buster*, we'd say to the peasants who took us for a ride around the dry thirsty plains... we taunted them a bit... rumbles ensued, of a sexual nature most, but one or two obnoxious brawls also occurred... we were tough, though, and at the end not the worse for wear... I had lost a pair of trousers but a good farmer's daughter had some flowery flowing skirts of her that she wouldn't use no more and lent them to me...

now we were on the tricky slope down to the town... I remembered that coming up we had seen that poor old tottering guy trying to put a foot in front of the other, and not managing every time, neither, despite the help of his gnarled stick...

Elzi had warned me... *see the creep...? never approach the bloody leper... ebb out of his unlucky shadow like from a shark's threatening fin... he... he used to be a nasty cop... protected by the law of the land, shielding like a brute and a coward behind his shield... he took to beating and murdering women and blacks, hobos, and the destitute, the poor and needy, and the petty thieves... your typical nazi gone to seed... he took to torturing like to sweet drink...*

*keep away from old bastard cop, she said... he stinks... and fragile, they are liable to pin his corpse on you... he's*

*about to kick the bucket, might drop dead with a whisper  
or a breeze, a draft... wouldn't be near him, no sir,  
madam... giving away a whiff of death... you can smell him  
from this distance... gives me the willies... and she shivered  
demonstratively...*

then we climbed to the plains... and looked for the fairs far  
and wide...

now we were approaching the town... martins flew in and  
out of their high-rise little octagonal abodes... the rabbits  
coughed at the door of their warrens... from the weirs  
wallowed already the whirligigs... the sky roared... its  
eructations nearer and nearer...

a dirty dust floated about... a storm brewing, no doubt...

and now we realized that the slope near the first road  
surrounding the town was grown with a new substance...  
like a growing of tall yeast... a yeasty growth... the footing  
wavered on it... the ground so slippery...

and at the side of the road there again (or there still) the  
old bastard cop... still trying to reach somewheres... but  
with such mortifying slowness...

*look, the damned creep again...! Elzi seemed utterly repelled... I think I'll bail out a bit farther... over there... can't stand the rotten devil...*

and then, as she took off athwart... I saw her back... her back diminishing in the horizon as the veil, unfurled, of a vessel at sea... and me at this thoughtless instant... I slipped over the strange substance... that somebody must have dumped there overnight... a dump of mushroomy fungoid stuff... sandy, gritty...

on the road a gray car passed lifting a cloud of dust... and then the avalanche caused by my sliding down the incline... the spillage of mushy sand caught the old crummy man underfoot and made him flop down...

another yellowish car passed and now instead of dust it splashed that disgusting ocher porridge over the fallen disjointed puppet... I was really sorry for him... a discarded broken doll, full of vermin and shit...

I reached the road and went over to assist the geezer... Elzi nowhere to be seen... migrated elsewhere... I went to the little crinkling decrepit old fellow... he'd fallen badly



down, all crumpled... obviously dying...

and then... I heard it... delightful... there was music coming from within his head... through the huge hairy opening of his right ear... he'd fallen on his left side, me gingerly propping him a little with my left arm...

and the music pouring out of the hairy opening... I asked him nicely: *what is this music...? is so enticing, heart-warming...?* "I hear nothing," he croaked, "don't hear a thing..."

it was a marvelous song... a 1920's crooner's or chansonnier's... a mild and joyous melody... but he wouldn't hear the song in his own head... poor stinking bastard... I was full of pity for him...

so... I had an inspiration... I neared my face as much as I dared to his straining teary eyes... *I'll sing the song*, I said, raising my voice and enunciating most carefully... and this is what I did: I didn't sing at all... actually I didn't say another word... I just pretended to sing to him... opened my mouth and mouthed the words of the song that came from the hole in his ear, and I added a twinkle to my eyes and I brandished harmoniously my head... to the engaging rhythm...

and then the miracle... he smiled... he heard... *I hear it now*, he said, brimming, as if illumined... transfigured... for he heard the music from his youth... all the beautiful memories the song brought back landed, softly laden, on his conscience then... and he smiled... he smiled... like in a train... looking out the window... the passing of all the delicious images of his youth... the gentle rocking on the rails... as the music played and the singer bewitchingly sang...

he died in peace... a poor little old man...no longer corrupt.

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[back from the old carousing](#)

... it was getting dark when we were heading back from the concert... stranded now... after being dropped by the drunk nitwits... and neither Elzi nor I with a penny left... we decided to hit the road and hitch a ride...

a truck stopped to take us... but the guys inside refused to take us both... one is all we can handle, they said, you both look like trouble... I told Elzi to get in... I said: I'll wait for the next sucker... we'll meet back home...

so she went with the two truckers... and I waited, and another truck stopped and the two guys inside took me in with them...

it happens every time... you hitch a ride with those fellows, they will fuck you... we were not properly raped... so tired... after the excitement... the jumping, the quarreling... we knew what we were in for... we actually felt like it... we always do... at least I do, in those occasions... sexy... and then yes, I was ready for a bit of action... felt like having the... delicacy stroked... a bit of getting the skittish pussy appeased... a bit of the good going...

you practically never feel like being raped... not a bit... raping... not a bit, no... a bit of rough treatment, rough and nice... that's ok, fine... goes with the territory... but generally this... just the tickling down there made less... less itchy... and the fact was that... I didn't really know about Elzi at the time... but normally she's friskier, randier, than me... so... so, she probably was also eager to get... to

be given the right cunt treatment... the worshiped cunt, that object of adoration, being rained over by the mists and the dews of the worshipful eyes, eyelets, of the one-eyed, monophthalmic, shapely little totems... I mean... the intriguing worshipers propitiating the niggling gadfly guarding with its magical key the entrance to the temple... some masterly thrusts are in order... that's the image...

anyway, my guys, my truckers, weren't what you'd call totally unbecoming... one of them... even somewhat fetching...

while one drove, the other one drove his drill home...cramming his tool... his screwdriver driving a beautiful releasing thankfully long-lastingly enough screw...

the problem was later... the long drive... night all dark in front... downtown still a long ways off...

one of the fuckers sleeping peacefully behind... me blinking, winking with sleep... wishing myself awake in case we missed the right place for me to stop and disembark... and then the guy at the wheel... starting to talk... a sinister tone... a creepy feeling crawling up my bruised spine...

and him somber... darker by the minute... and starting to rant, with a hollow voice... frightening now, really... a nightmare of sorts...

he once killed all his family... the wife, the kids... driven crazy by the night driving... truckers prone to such agonizing breakdowns... of course: all the terrors seen during the night... the specters, the accidents, the dead... the dead crushed... splattered into so many pieces of torn flesh...

and then the apparition... middle of the road... over all the mincemeat, the cadavers... an overpowering foul smell... the rotten archer... blind... his skin in tatters... the caverns instead of his eyes full of pus, oozing, a green rot... his teeth a shambles... the quiver slashed, punctured... the arrow splintered... pointing straight at the eyes of the nocturnal driver... you've got to become crazy, if you have any sense, if you are sane at all...

he arrived home... in the middle of a hurricane... trees uprooted, shutters flying about, babies smashed against the walls, rabbit cages colliding into each other... lost in a vortex of screams... a maelstrom of crossed purposes, frustrations... a raging battle of crossed wills and winds... somebody coming down the stairs... he shouted over the din... *I won't be a night driver no more...!*

he took his rage on all of them... the kids... the wife...  
tossed them into the storm... see how it is, driving by  
night... the constant carnage... the constant carnage... the  
constant carn...

he, the driver, the trucker-fucker fell on the wheel, his  
countenance one of utter despair...

hear me screeching... worse than the tires on the dead  
pavement... see me trouncing him out of the way... me  
pulling the breaks... the truck madly skidding...

*I want out, I want out...* my voice, hysterical... the sleeper  
waking up in a panic...

pounding me out of the way... managing to open the door...  
kicking now the suicidal fucker out of the truck  
altogether... and now him... the providential substitute  
choking the wheel... battling the inertia... the momentum...  
what have you... we were about to fall... the truck about to  
tumble down... there is... there is... what...? one can't see  
shit...

and now the shock... the guy stunned... the vehicle dead...  
the doors stuck... I'm aware of everything but can't really  
move... the oppression unbearable...

the apparition then... I saw her... it... the rotten archer... the  
rusted arrow aiming at the center of my forehead...

there was Elzi visiting me, at the hospital bed... as ever,  
kind to a fault... we kissed... damned fuckers, we said, bad  
guys, they don't want only your cunt... they almost took a  
life that time... are they ever really satisfied...?

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[everybody suspects it's just mild platonism](#)

... but no... it's real love... is like that time when people...  
people were all in a line, waiting to exit the real swanks'  
protected enclosure... they were waiting for the iron door  
to open, so that now that it was a sunny morning they  
could get to the business district... to... to operate...

not one of them saying a word of rebuke... to the fucker...  
the fucker who kept on ramming Elzi...

I went behind him and... started strangling him... hard,  
hard, the nails of my right hand boring into his windpipe...

and he was smiling, the fucker... and I was smiling... and  
the people on the line... no effect whatsoever... just looking  
bored...

who probably was not smiling was Elzi... Elzi... under the  
straining body of the massive fucker...

... the smiling... his and mine... the smilings going on  
forever... the queue not moving at all... Elzi under his  
hardening hard-on... the extreme monstrous hard-on of a  
dying smiling brute...

the struggle... the struggle...

everybody who cared to think other stuff besides the  
business at hand... thinking probably what a mild  
pantomime... a harmless little bit of "happening" theater...  
a silly prank?

we had... we had entered the rich folk's compound under  
false pretextes... we had... we had gotten hold of an  
amphora... we had pissed in it... Elzi and I laughing all the  
time... nice white wine... and perfumed... *n'est ce pas?*

there was a fat important-looking burgher trying to enter  
then... we two fast behind him... pink as him if not  
pinker... and the doorguards mum... we showing... making  
a show of... the amphora and the very expensive wine



inside... entering on behalf of the impressive bejewelled burgher... probably having a party tonight... needing such expensive select assorted wine... as that... that one we carried... our piss... sacred stuff, shit.

once inside... the burgher's feeling sick... he excuses himself... wraps himself with a blanket... starts... with scaring wheezings... on the lintel... dozing... while there appears who... his son...?

a muscle man... he tries the wine...

... calls us whores... that's not a proper wine for a... such a rich exquisite family as...

... he slaps me... the amphora breaks... it cracks, really... lets the sacred wine leak off... and...

he takes Elzi from behind... pierces her asshole...

... he's a jolly good fellow... he laughs and smiles while slapping the whores or bugging them... you get slapped or bugged willy-nilly... in spite of the poor protests...

... cruelly... cruelly, he was taking Elzi from the rear...

I went behind him and I started strangling him... he was retching... but smiling... and pumping... pumping in his death throes... pumping Elzi's asshole...

to our dingy whereabouts we retreated afterwards... two more insensitive money-grabbers added to the exiting queue... the brute's jizzm getting stale in Elzi's rectum...

hiking, she and I, down the creek, toward the bullet-riddled walls, the burning mattresses, the flee-ridden clothes, the... vice suburbs... home... where we hid for a while

applying remedies... I was... soft creams... to Elzi's rere... so tender... bleeding... I was smiling... as when the strangling had taken place... such a rewarding image now in my mind.

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another end of the world at early mass with the insidious depravity of dust...

a mob of outlaws... the hilarity... clustered together... breaking taboos... the nastier most ferocious species... frenzied, bewildered, stricken with loathing... loaded... sated... with hatred... their psycho pastor wallowing in adulation... announcing with smooth rudeness

preposterous ruin for those that don't comply literally enough... oblique traitors, their cupidity is usually attributable to the agony of the impeccable infamy of the abyss their vertiginous calamities hurl them in... glacial degradation of their faith in apocryphal arguments when they peruse superfluous haphazard speculations that elucidate nothing while with forked tongues the anathemas rebound around from the walls of their circular prisons... are they themselves frantically shouting...? or those whose shrieks roaringly resound belong to the bestial watchers in their heads...?

what the hell are we doing in church, Lezi...? I hate churches, those ratty leaky quonsets where all is agony... each time again is early mass in another packed end of the world... with the insidious depravity of dust knocking at the armor of your skin...

there's the melting moon pouring milk on the breasts of the mountains, Elzi... another dawn with cloying wings of sorrow dutifully burgeoning...

felt assaulted every time by the same damned irreversible hallucinations of toothy wincing flying animals orbiting the pecky insides of the shallow sphere... how many times as another overspilled ditched orphan I've wept underwater...! while the obsolete unfathomably ignorant magicians, well-manured toads all of them, feigned their dirges and litanies of unbearable scurrility and hatched

their deathbed diagnoses as serpents with a foul mood (that one would have avoided above all if at all unpushed by cursed disciplinarians) their malignant eggs of pestilence... a butterfly, crippled, like a taciturn blob of slippery bleak debris, loitered thereabouts, and then was aloft and... it sped, it horribly sped... round and round, like a jet, an airplane with all those rear tubes afire and smoking... and its earsplitting throbbing made me shout and therefore taste the bitter cane and the sanding and hammering of the underhanded blows... where do I start...? “*shut the fuck up!*” (he murmured, the nasty guardian, and he was pinching my thighs and backside to tears... ravished by orgies of meandering hideous lame dull ordeals...) farther to the left the cute grocery store clerk slept through the proceedings... recently unfrocked due to... too rash mood swings... his mind under strobe lights through gauzy dice... irascible contortions on the tremulous screen... he’s venting his spleen like a blasphemous firebrand... and now he’s insipidly reciting hagiographies idiotic beyond contempt... here he would lift a lizard’s lid, wink, separate his hands over his fly: his cock would fly up to the ceiling... he looked like a degenerate athlete... with saucy truculence... he was unfurling his white gloves as if they were sheets on an inviting bed... his cock, never shriveled, had fangs and a frightening dead eye... the gloves rustled... antsy skittish heady, I saw myself deflowered by a whole shark... its smooth pale skin... milk of a scarecrow under the microscope...

churches, Elzi, I know... we hate all the evil deviltry they represent – gods and saints and intercessors and the rest of the silly figurines – dry shits, turdy coprolites in the shape

of malignant imps... promiscuous statuettes, what are they good for if not spying on our intimacies... infectious dildoes often enough... but, hey, say it unabashedly: from idolatry to dolls – no gap – same thing... meaning: idols and voodoo dolls... ha, too funny... *“let’s pinprick scour afflict burn harm hammer the hand that hammered them that didn’t belong...”* and then... those damned erasures where the secretional spermatorrheic stigmata used to show...! I thought we had relinquished all rights to a sylvan saccharine voluptuous look ahead of desolate ravings in the brazen marquees of heaven...

we had the inbred premonition simmering in the semidarkness that... among the corny slugs bathing in bureaucratic flatulence on the pews, the swarms of yeasty greenbottle flies ran amok... crabbed nagging dreamlike, they hovered like a magic wand whose heterogeneous rusty frailty spelled remorse and distrust... the grocer’s scut gallantly cried in blessed fulfillment... while my heart, pierced by the sharp tool of an obtuse insect, crept, unfurnished, along epochs and chronologies with one spot inside the rank foliage always shining through, though, as if a thaw, a glacier, grew in the middle of the interchangeable jungles... under my skirts a puddle of sown seeds grew... my knees uncloistered... precocious, my singed cunt flew with therapeutic juices... I had turned the tide... my handkerchief looked rather like a tablecloth after some productive debauchery... musks of the slut... furtively, I stuck it in... slouching, I moved toward the lavatories... the senile giggles, the pernicious aphorisms, the sententious disdains, like a raw pneumatic fat mudworm followed me along... pointless rows of random traits on rows and rows of accidental faces... I staggered

on, unknown... plummeting, as if drunk, down the sheer descent... a well of pimp scents and mired grimaces...

slurps ill-omened like a gut glut gloating – every virus, deadly – the flood of the faithful, specky, woeful, unfettered flak of twerps peppering the murky landscape...

the chalice held wine! I was thunderstruck! *this*, hoarse said the priest, *little girl, is the piss of Christ; and you be a doll: a special doll with bones...!* we were, I remember, on top of the vanity coffin... the hearse scene had been really nightmarish... up the footpath, the filth and the roots and the loose rocks... gave it an ugly rhythm... it had to topple... the jade couldn't regain its composure... fell like a lump... the coffin broke among the turds, bees by the thousands escaped from the corpse... *damned foreigners; irrelevant, inept, and devoid of shame* – the priest swore... *and your name, little girl?* – he said, wiping my ass. I said, moved by my cartoonish fancy: “Publicilla.” *Publicilla*, mm, he said to the crucifix, *listen, that child's a whore, and she's got the name to go with it too...*

we've come – she sashays – to relocate Satan's minions... in our evangelical state of grace, the frayed negotiations we've lately had with... hospitals, outhouses, nuthouses, jails, armies, bordellos, and cemeteries... have yielded nothing but unsuitable subtleties, mostly the morbid fees of regurgitation... we are within earshot of the yells and slurs and shudders wreaths and birdseeds and barren

confessionals (where violence brews, not solace) eject or like stinking effluvia sputter... If the mafiosi disclose their crimes here, why not also the shrinks that would have us shamefully committed...?

what about god who sees it all? – I said, astride the splintered coffin... *god sees all...?* – he said – *and better still, little girl... why what is good for god to see would ever be bad to be seen by its creatures...? especially its special creatures...? the body is the mirror of god – god did the bodies in its own image – so, if you see a body that god sees as good, would you say you are sinning...? how silly could that be...?* rogue musings, I thought... “tinkle yer bells when any illustrious naked worm passes slithering under yer deluges or sprinkles and other spittings...” he sang, and the fundamental beauty of his ballast made my eyes thrill... never again would I regret the stagnant gaiety of the castrati... spurred, my throat, wiped clean of phlegm as my very ass, let a fanfare of royal loyal mirth ring to the hilt... the sundered skulls of such cockroaches enhance and heal the flaws, scars, and sundry feuding bumbling borrowed gasps and gulps plague the stupid innocent... their lugubrious fangs inject joy cheer courage... I never went back to the stench of the pews and their shriveled shabby carcasses...

delayed again the onset of the ultimate blaze... the end of the world... a topaz belly startled into a magnificent fart... that clarion fiery scintillating... by the way, did you swallow, Elzi, all of his load...?

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on crumbling paper those fading stigmata

**Old text on crumbling paper – Horace Quintain's  
biography**

They brought him to earth and everything went smoothly until he banged his head and notched his skull and his left lobe got mauled. That happened more or less at the same time when he was three and a little brother was suddenly also there, and envy raised its head and bit him with a bite that would endure forever.

At six, some in his immediate family came to visit, and he



took his two girl cousins into an empty room and he made them strip as he stripped also, and then the older of the girls (she was six months older than him...) he started fucking her on the floor. In the middle of the proceedings, the door flew open and ah, the shouts of horror and so on. Grannies, aunts, mothers, all the crazy screaming, “*the obscenity, the viciousness, the boy’s the devil, such indecency, no fear of almighty god!*” and he snatched his trousers and, under a rain of blows, ran out the main door of the house and down the stairs. He tripped and fell, and at the end of the run of the steep gradient, he banged his head (the right lobe this time) on the metallic edge of a bascule that happened to stand at the bottom, near the door to the street. Before losing consciousness in a pool of blood, he heard his grandmother saying: “*Ah, how fitting always is god’s punishment!*” and “*Indeed, and how well deserved!*”

That unfortunate happening marked the end of his shared sexual life for a while. He masturbated like a monkey, though, and using many types of “filthy, abnormal” subterfuges, until when, at just 23, he managed to ask an old banished whore that loitered in a narrow dark alley near the France Railway Station in Barcelona, where he went to stay for a few days for literary reasons, for a session in bed. Where the acquiescing whore got him, in a worse hotel still than the one nearby where he was staying, he mainly acquired a dose of crabs which later obliged him to shave all his hairs (minus those on his head) and continually rub (for a couple of weeks) the extent of his skin with DDT.

As he was sent to school, he managed to avoid the official fascist institutions where almost everyone else who was allowed to study (thanks to their parents' monies) went. The teachers he had, happened to be unapproved Catalonians who, though they taught all their classes (save French) in the commonly abhorred and ridiculed lingo of the invaders, talked in-between classes, and shouted and beat the crap out of the few children they had under their ferule, in healthy Catalanian. Going to take examination in a "free" condition, he passed his grades very irregularly, often having to repeat over, now a whole grade, now a particular matter. The last two years before University, thanks to an improvement in his parents' fortunes, he was sent to a boarding school handled by religious "brothers". He saw immediately (and wasn't too bothered by the fact) that this "brother" business, like most of the religion shit, is just a cover for pedophiles. No problem – though the obvious connection of homosexuality and religion was already intriguing. Now, in this semi-official state, church and fascism interlocking so disgustingly that at the time could hardly be distinguished which was which, he passed all his grades with little or no trouble.

He was seventeen when he was accepted into pre-med. That was the year, a little after his entrance into the University, when he realized once and for all that what he had been fed all those years (pertaining to matters religious and so on) was garbage. That what on the surface seemed that everyone believed, was in fact, deep down, only pretense, an ugly façade; that actually nobody believed in any of all that shit about hell, heaven, virgins, sacred offices, gods, souls... that the whole fucking

cesspool of sanctity, and reward and punishment in an afterlife, the whole fairytale caboodle, was just a cruel despicable charade. He wasn't sure up till now; he thought maybe all those faggotty church fathers and beards and sages and whatnot, with their ruffles and skirts, and hats and crosses and miters and shits, with their airs of laughable severity, their ponderous enunciation, their damned phoniness... perhaps... it could be... they could really be unto something. No! He saw that it was all garbage, that nobody really could swallow such loutish criminal filth. He got the shock of his life. An "existential crisis", so-called at the time, the anguish of living without other purpose at the end that having to die and disappear into oblivion for eternity. He wished he had been never brought into that malignant cage, the earth. Ah, for abortion! To be born into death, what a luxury! Nobody should be brought here who is going to be told all that amount of swill, as if injected or vaccinated with juice of turds from the word go, and then have the truth hidden and forbidden, and being condemned for even thinking about the truth – talk about torture, shit! All the sanctimonious ignoramuses who are allowed to produce litters and litters of little sanctimonious pricks! How nice for a massive suicide at birth! Maybe there would be less of us burning in anxiety. Such cruelty: to poison a child with all that slop.

[By way of illustration here's this little episode that "they" claim to have once taken place. Quintain is in the hall where the marriage must be celebrated later in the evening. There's his son Marc-Antoni. There's Marc-Antoni's cousin, the girl that's getting married later on – she sits on a chair near the table where the plates and cups

and glasses and napkins and whatnot are already laid, she's being combed by a faggotty barber. There's her mother, there's her grandmother, both fussing about the table – Quintain is eating some scraped carrots from a small bowl, Marc-Antoni is having in another small bowl a few spaghetti daubed with tomato sauce. Now Marc-Antoni, who is only six, takes out his camera and attempts to photograph the bride – ugly and in fact ludicrous with her hair all in a crested bunch. Ah, what is he doing! The screeches of the mother, and the grandmother, and the girl, and the barber – the fucking faggotty barber! They are all trying to snatch the camera from Marc-Antoni. Quintain tosses his bowl of shredded carrot into the garbage bin; he tosses also, with Marc-Antoni's small bowl, the big bowl with the nauseating spaghettis stained with the tomato sauce, and he rescues the camera, and he shouts boldly above the fray. *"A faggotty barber telling my son what to photograph or not! Nobody tells a child what to see with his eyes or not. His eyes are for seeing, unimpeded! Nobody tells a child, less than to anybody else to a child, what to see or not, what to photograph or not! No fucking body, okay, no!"* And with the child and the telling camera he storms forever out of those stupid peoples' lives.]

Now, with the raking crisis on, he wanted to die. He was a victim, he thought, and no possibility of redemption whatsoever. A defenseless worm: like any other thing alive. Thrown into a passing maelstrom. A blow, and gone. A toy in malefic paws, a discordant instrument blown by vicious death. Soon to be annihilated forever and ever. And, to top it all, suffering. Suffering no end. Why? Why the suffering, only stopped by annihilation? Who wouldn't choose the shortcut? A fast goodbye to it all... but how?

How does one cross over, to total oblivion, to absolute absence? Lurking underground in reeking galleries... do you fall in front of an arriving engine? The shame afterwards. Your body, the bowels, beshitted, all spread; the obscenity, the people gagging, retching...

He lost weight. He got dangerously thin and frail. There was no reason he could find that would justify going on living. Nothing whetted his appetite, not even literature, that from very early on had become such a delightful refuge. Also literature now under the sinister pall of death, of transient worthlessness...

Everything dying all around. Family, famous people, the animals continually sacrificed, eaten, destroyed. What's the point? There was no point. There is no point. There will never be any point. That's it. He would have wanted to be daring enough – commit suicide in a heroic enough way; but that was dreaming; in his sickness not even strength to do away with himself could he muster. He was committing suicide in a slow painstaking way, through inanition, with despair eating him inside out.

There was in his town a psychologist who had recently opened a clinic. Horace Quintain went to see him; the psychologist told Quintain that he could make room for him and that the single student union, the fascist union, the only allowed, would nonetheless surely pay. The physician filled all the forms, readied all the paperwork. Horace

went inside the clinic a few days before he was eighteen. He stayed there during the whole summer. He underwent coma after coma, nightly; first through a few ineffective, too abusive, electroshocks; afterward through the insulinic treatment, much more successful. Slowly, all his pressing anguishes got erased. Superficially, but the relief was noticeable. Not so nervous now – just the remnants of unquiet underneath – ready to inflame the blood now and then (as soon as some creep thereabouts spouted the patriotic shit, the martial shit, the religious shit, the bureaucratic shit; as soon as some drops of the creep’s sanctimonious, revolting, pap rotted, by salivous contact, the integument of his renewed spirit). On the outside he donned his slightly amenable mask; his piercing eyes, though, vigilant under a serious, rather unmoving, countenance. Birdlike, taking it all in with a fast twist of the neck. Better like a sphinx. No reason to fluster, to ruffle one’s feathers for such piddly stuff. And, after all, isn’t everything just as trivial?

As autumn started he came out of the clinic. Everything looked new – the landscape, the trees, the little brotherly animals... And each of them had its own immediate value; all had their right to exist during the short passing span of life to them allotted by the cruel circumstances...

Tossing away as molted useless skin the immense vanity of pretending to have a special soul, some type or other of little light different from the little life light belonging per se to each natural thing – a tree, a newt, a bug – Horace Quintain had become a full-fledged atheist, and a

convinced communist to boot. From then on, he hated and loathed with all his strength the vile sellers of barefaced lies – the priests, bishops, all the damned hierarchy of malignant clowns turned exclusive representatives of evil gods, treacherous, monstrous gods, on top of whom Quintain now defecated (and would continue defecating for the remainder of his life) without any kind of letdown or afterthought, and whom, if ever he'd been given the chance, would have squashed underfoot as the worst most poisonous virus must be squashed on sight. Still worse, still more worthy of rebuke and revulsion he found to be the cowardly so-called skeptics and agnostics. [What is there to be skeptic or agnostic about? There is no fucking god, there is only malice made thing. If there would ever be a god, it would have to be the most evil thing ever by matter devised. Inventor of all sorts of excruciating pains, and of death. Damn the butcher. Know him by the rotten fruits he yields! And pity the poor crushed nobodies tortured and murdered by the religious machine.]

Only the atheist is a dignified enough person. That's why he came to approach the communist idea; as a system, at least theoretically, it sought to right and level the field against the injustices created both by society and nature, where some gained privilege by depriving the rest of a chance at enjoyment, albeit mild, of a life without lies. Communism postulated the only praiseworthy progress: the scientific one, of course – the scientific progress whose target was the conquest of space. With the caveat, alas, in the last analysis, that as with any other political system, it also allowed the usual scum to rise to the top – the unavoidable bullies keen on ordering about the lives of others. So, what on paper looked so fair, once in the paws

of the authoritarian and the martially-minded, became soiled, and the injustices didn't get quite mended, with the bottom-dwellers ending still working as hard as ever, and the top-brass, as it were, ruling and imposing their cankered will. At least, however, communism had the advantage over all other systems that everyone in it was an atheist, and, at least from scratch, could be considered a whole person.

For that's something Quintain never quite got. The fact that there apparently could be so many people whose brains were so degenerated as to imagine themselves to be in any thing different from any other animal with eyes on their faces, and bowels in their bellies, and holes to shit and fuck. It was beyond him that anybody could be so foolishly conceited and also so extremely dim-witted as to think himself in any way superior, in any basic trait, to any other animal – saving the fact that humans, due to evolution's whim, could have a cerebral capacity that could exceed the one had by practically the rest of all known animals – a feature that, properly used, had to be put into function in the scientific discovery of space, and never, of course, in stupid religious ideas in the final analysis only valid for creating new recipes for murdering others – the so-called unfaithful, the unbelievers, the infidels, etc... Ah, unmentionable, the amount of worthless shit!

Ah, yes. The horror and the loathing that inspired in him the assholes that believe in books written by a few faggotty fanatics – all the garbage in bibles and qurans and



“sacred” writings, all the murderous injunctions big and small produced by the repressing shitty queers! These are books for whom a much better plight would had been if used as bumpf to wipe first thing the asses of the ancients to whom they were recited or for whom they were written – murderous fairy tales; malignant, infectious texts better wasted in the latrines – the lots and lots of mental crises that humans would have been spared to suffer; and the crimes, the piles and piles of crimes avoided!

He has it tough, Quintain – an atheist, a core, non-bureaucratic communist, an exile. He’s got no place in this world of deceptions – deceptions and what else...? Practically nothing else. And, on top of it all, he’s of the opinion that there’s nothing that deserves to be own. Knowledge, okay – knowledge helps you to get it, is a great help to get by as you go along. But real contact with those humans alienated, already irretrievably poisoned at primary school, steeped in ideas so crazy and asinine as the belief in gods and souls, and fatherlands and flags – in all that vomiting produced by a bunch of fanatical queers that wrote religions and wrote and write national constitutions and laws to bully and control the habits and behavior of the rest of the deluded people, and all based on lies and empty concepts polluted by the incredible stupidity of old farts of old – all this takes him elsewhere, out of reach; he sees behind the masks, he’s already gazing across, discovering the rotting skeleton, deducing from all the shitted shit that pours from all the assholes the ashes of bodies that melt together in infinite nothingness. That’s why he’s got to be apart – a solitary, taciturn, saturnine, awkward stranger.

He learns the ways of access, though, also that. He runs and walks, and often without having to take any train or vehicle whatsoever. All machines he hates, he fears them, he flees their smoke, their noise, he thinks they are useless, only invented to annoy, bloody thought-interrupting, lung-polluting machines – all except those that point toward the proper progress – the progress toward space. The worse machines, those used for productivity – “productivity,” what a dirty word, bringing to mind all those appalling obscenities: bureaucracy, lethal numbers, repulsive commerce – spreading the sickness, fostering the deadly vanity.

To the shit piles with all the vehicles, then. Instead, with nimble strong legs, let's cross the sudden bridges that sprout here and there and have become handy shortcuts. And he doesn't stop, on the contrary he increases his pace, sidewinding, like a supple nice snake, he has no patience, no, passing without looking once, he can't stomach any of those beeches where the indolent roast themselves. And never goes near the hurly-burly of big feasts and big cities. [And yet, it must be said that as soon as he had saved enough, so that he could emigrate; as soon as, after performing a row of “base” jobs (for, medicine, he had abandoned after his stay in the clinic – the sick human body too horrible and anguishing and premonitory to behold), he had gathered enough money, he went to Paris. Ah, liberty at last! In exile, but free. Paris, London, Hamburg, New York. He never returned to the country of his birth, devastated then, as is still now, by the insufferably loathsome invader.] [Never returned to the

invaded great city neither (where he had belonged for a while to the few that were the liberating vanguard). *Why are the invaders shouting louder and louder, and the mumbles of the locals are getting sparser and sparser, and also fainter and fainter? Why? Well, everything must go to pot.*]

Literature he enjoys, even from the earliest years, no longer melancholic when he reads. I've already stated the fact. (Include here the traumas suffered when seeing his library burn, and that twice – first time, he's only twelve, his angered father burns his books; twenty-five years later is his wife's turn to burn, too puffed, his books. Ah well!) The consolation of literature always there, almost up till the very end – reading, the instant stabilizes itself, the brain becomes properly synchronized, the world acquires meaning. He had taught himself German and Russian. He had figured that with “everyone” knowing French or English, some other translations would come his way – thus he manages to set a foot in a publishing house. Translations indeed come his way, also from the English now. Wide opened side doors to literature. And the knowing of tongues – what a blessing! – not to be ever at the mercy of the ecclesiastical and fascist (same thing) garbage the invading castilians have as sole pseudocultural serving! From quite early on, he discovers the fine, enlightened, authors and writers of books sold in the Rambla for the lucky tourists. [Something always did he then possess (for him a grave ethical infringement), a certain quantity of books. But was that “possess”? He thought maybe books counted rather as essential nourishment, and anyway as easily burnable, fungible, as other evanescent staples. And yet it is true that losing them

hurt a lot. *His sin, no doubt*, he jokes.]

Besides, as I was saying, there's nary a thing he considers worth possessing. And less still women, of course. Volatile stuff! You can't own what flies freely. Ununderstandable any death provoked because somebody sought the exclusive possession of some female! Passions are manifestations of extreme silliness, of a touched brain, of simply unfathomable foolishness. Women are free entities, their cunts are hairy insects that love going from cock to cock, as bees, drinking now from that flesh flower, now from that other lovely flesh flower. You can't possess such ethereality. And anyway dreary mister death is there loitering with his sticky damned net – he will bag the bug sooner or later. *Why the fucking trouble*, he wonders.

Instead, friendship is the answer. Friendship with loved woman – loved, and free – let's never forget the "free" item – that's the secret – let the bug drink wherever the kind wind takes her – the point is to wait for her return. In friendship. And don't forget to befriend also the sparse atheist and the good communist (never authoritarian, never martial), no matter if he's to be counted among your kin or not. And keep your friendship with trees and the brotherly animals – they are your own kind also. And be friends with the landscapes – extend your loving gaze over the impeccable wasteland. Never forget your friendship with satellites and planets and galaxies. And that meteorites (and the sundry stones whose history and secrets are all-important) are your friends. That the whole universe itself you hold faithfully in friendship – no silly friendship

yours, of course. A friendship renewed with every passing instant – for it won't last, as you know – death's loitering, okay? Death's about to take you away – and they, the animals, the trees, the landscapes, the stones, the women, the atheists, the communists, the galaxies, the universes, all your friends... will continue dying, living (is all the same thing), after you are gone – minus your friendship, them, but still going strong, the memory of you perhaps a fast disappearing indentation and no more.

Ah, and all those disgraceful parasites, the fanatical crazy queers that follow the bibles, qurans, constitutions, flags, fatherlands... all those foolish miasmatic specks of tainted dust that delude themselves into believing themselves to be so fundamentally, vainly, unique, with a soul that shall survive no less...?! All that sad ugly spread on the surface... pestiferous, fetid, fungous...?

Those...? Nothing; I won't waste a second more thinking about them – too minimal, too fleeting, an easily wiped repugnance stuck on the remotest bit of skin of a dear old planet. The wind of the years shall wash it away; they shall vanish without a trace – all their lies turned into the flying paltry ashes of an anonymous mummy.

Well, and thus ends Horace Quintain's biography – he died, or had died, or will die... smiling. Everything elapsed so fast... everything elapses so fast. Sidewiping, like a nimble snake, never too taken up with the stuff already

learned; sniffing new landmarks... until the landmark became a dark wall where the joke ended, his smile suddenly gone. Bitter now. At the very end, holding some hope, you think...? No, none. Perhaps wishing to die well. He was decaying fast... sicknesses in the blood... Ephemeral, transitory... An old text already half illegible, and crumbling, melting... And then...? Good night.

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on crumbling paper those fading stigmata

**Old text on crumbling paper – Reggie Morell's biography**

They brought him to earth and everything went smoothly until he banged his head and notched his skull and his left

lobe got mauled. That happened more or less at the same time when he was three and a little brother was suddenly also there, and envy raised its head and bit him with a bite that would endure forever.

At six, some in his immediate family came to visit, and he took his two girl cousins into an empty room and he made them strip as he stripped also, and then the older of the girls (she was six months older than him...) he started fucking her on the floor. In the middle of the proceedings, the door flew open and ah, the shouts of horror and so on. Grannies, aunts, mothers, all the crazy screaming, “*the obscenity, the viciousness, the boy’s the devil, such indecency, no fear of almighty god!*” and he snatched his trousers and, under a rain of blows, ran out the main door of the house and down the stairs. He tripped and fell, and at the end of the run of the steep gradient, he banged his head (the right lobe this time) on the metallic edge of a bascule that happened to stand at the bottom, near the door to the street. Before losing consciousness in a pool of blood, he heard his grandmother saying: “*Ah, how fitting always is god’s punishment!*” and “*Indeed, and how well deserved!*”

That unfortunate happening marked the end of his shared sexual life for a while. He masturbated like a monkey, though, and using many types of “filthy, abnormal” subterfuges, until when, at just 23, he managed to ask an old banished whore that loitered in a narrow dark alley near the France Railway Station in Barcelona, where he went to stay for a few days for literary reasons, for a

session in bed. Where the acquiescing whore got him, in a worse hotel still than the one nearby where he was staying, he mainly acquired a dose of crabs which later obliged him to shave all his hairs (minus those on his head) and continually rub (for a couple of weeks) the extent of his skin with DDT.

As he was sent to school, he managed to avoid the official fascist institutions where almost everyone else who was allowed to study (thanks to their parents' monies) went. The teachers he had, happened to be unapproved Catalonians who, though they taught all their classes (save French) in the commonly abhorred and ridiculed lingo of the invaders, talked in-between classes, and shouted and beat the crap out of the few children they had under their ferule, in healthy Catalonian. Going to take examination in a "free" condition, he passed his grades very irregularly, often having to repeat over, now a whole grade, now a particular matter. The last two years before University, thanks to an improvement in his parents' fortunes, he was sent to a boarding school handled by religious "brothers". He saw immediately (and wasn't too bothered by the fact) that this "brother" business, like most of the religion shit, is just a cover for pedophiles. No problem – though the obvious connection of homosexuality and religion was already intriguing. Now, in this semi-official state, church and fascism interlocking so disgustingly that at the time could hardly be distinguished which was which, he passed all his grades with little or no trouble.

He was seventeen when he was accepted into pre-med.



That was the year, a little after his entrance into the University, when he realized once and for all that what he had been fed all those years (pertaining to matters religious and so on) was garbage. That what on the surface seemed that everyone believed, was in fact, deep down, only pretense, an ugly façade; that actually nobody believed in any of all that shit about hell, heaven, virgins, sacred offices, gods, souls... that the whole fucking cesspool of sanctity, and reward and punishment in an afterlife, the whole fairytale caboodle, was just a cruel despicable charade. He wasn't sure up till now; he thought maybe all those faggotty church fathers and beards and sages and whatnot, with their ruffles and skirts, and hats and crosses and miters and shits, with their airs of laughable severity, their ponderous enunciation, their damned phoniness... perhaps... it could be... they could really be unto something. No! He saw that it was all garbage, that nobody really could swallow such loutish criminal filth. He got the shock of his life. An “existential crisis”, so-called at the time, the anguish of living without other purpose at the end than having to die and disappear into oblivion for eternity. He wished he had been never brought into that malignant cage, the earth. Ah, for abortion! To be born into death, what a luxury! Nobody should be brought here who is going to be told all that amount of swill, as if injected or vaccinated with juice of turds from the word go, and then have the truth hidden and forbidden, and being condemned for even thinking about the truth – talk about torture, shit! All the sanctimonious ignoramuses who are allowed to produce litters and litters of little sanctimonious pricks! How nice for a massive suicide at birth! Maybe there would be less of us burning in anxiety. Such cruelty: to poison a child with all that slop.

[By way of illustration here's this little episode that "they" claim to have once taken place. Morell is in the hall where the marriage must be celebrated later in the evening. There's his son Marc-Antoni. There's Marc-Antoni's cousin, the girl that's getting married later on – she sits on a chair near the table where the plates and cups and glasses and napkins and whatnot are already laid, she's being combed by a faggotty barber. There's her mother, there's her grandmother, both fussing about the table – Morell is eating some scraped carrots from a small bowl, Marc-Antoni is having in another small bowl a few spaghetti daubed with tomato sauce. Now Marc-Antoni, who is only six, takes out his camera and attempts to photograph the bride – ugly and in fact ludicrous with her hair all in a crested bunch. Ah, what is he doing! The screeches of the mother, and the grandmother, and the girl, and the barber – the fucking faggotty barber! They are all trying to snatch the camera from Marc-Antoni. Morell tosses his bowl of shredded carrot into the garbage bin; he tosses also, with Marc-Antoni's small bowl, the big bowl with the nauseating spaghettis stained with the tomato sauce, and he rescues the camera, and he shouts boldly above the fray. *"A faggotty barber telling my son what to photograph or not! Nobody tells a child what to see with his eyes or not. His eyes are for seeing, unimpeded! Nobody tells a child, less than to anybody else to a child, what to see or not, what to photograph or not! No fucking body, okay, no!"* And with the child and the telling camera he storms forever out of those stupid peoples' lives.]

Now, with the raking crisis on, he wanted to die. He was a

victim, he thought, and no possibility of redemption whatsoever. A defenseless worm: like any other thing alive. Thrown into a passing maelstrom. A blow, and gone. A toy in malefic paws, a discordant instrument blown by vicious death. Soon to be annihilated forever and ever. And, to top it all, suffering. Suffering no end. Why? Why the suffering, only stopped by annihilation? Who wouldn't choose the shortcut? A fast goodbye to it all... but how? How does one cross over, to total oblivion, to absolute absence? Lurking underground in reeking galleries... do you fall in front of an arriving engine? The shame afterwards. Your body, the bowels, beshitted, all spread; the obscenity, the people gagging, retching...

He lost weight. He got dangerously thin and frail. There was no reason he could find that would justify going on living. Nothing whetted his appetite, not even literature, that from very early on had become such a delightful refuge. Also literature now under the sinister pall of death, of transient worthlessness...

Everything dying all around. Family, famous people, the animals continually sacrificed, eaten, destroyed. What's the point? There was no point. There is no point. There will never be any point. That's it. He would have wanted to be daring enough – commit suicide in a heroic enough way; but that was dreaming; in his sickness not even strength to do away with himself could he muster. He was committing suicide in a slow painstaking way, through inanition, with despair eating him inside out.

There was in his town a psychologist who had recently opened a clinic. Reggie Morell went to see him; the psychologist told Morell that he could make room for him and that the single student union, the fascist union, the only allowed, would nonetheless surely pay. The physician filled all the forms, readied all the paperwork. Reggie went inside the clinic a few days before he was eighteen. He stayed there during the whole summer. He underwent coma after coma, nightly; first through a few ineffective, too abusive, electroshocks; afterward through the insulinic treatment, much more successful. Slowly, all his pressing anguishes got erased. Superficially, but the relief was noticeable. Not so nervous now – just the remnants of unquiet underneath – ready to inflame the blood now and then (as soon as some creep thereabouts spouted the patriotic shit, the martial shit, the religious shit, the bureaucratic shit; as soon as some drops of the creep's sanctimonious, revolting, pap rotted, by salivous contact, the integument of his renewed spirit). On the outside he donned his slightly amenable mask; his piercing eyes, though, vigilant under a serious, rather unmoving, countenance. Birdlike, taking it all in with a fast twist of the neck. Better like a sphinx. No reason to fluster, to ruffle one's feathers for such piddly stuff. And, after all, isn't everything just as trivial?

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Ah, and all those disgraceful parasites, the fanatical crazy queers that follow the bibles, qurans, constitutions, flags, fatherlands... all those foolish miasmatic specks of tainted dust that delude themselves into believing themselves to be so fundamentally, vainly, unique, with a soul that shall survive no less...?! All that sad ugly spread on the surface... pestiferous, fetid, fungous...?

Those...? Nothing; I won't waste a second more thinking about them – too minimal, too fleeting, an easily wiped repugnance stuck on the remotest bit of skin of a dear old planet. The wind of the years shall wash it away; they shall vanish without a trace – all their lies turned into the flying paltry ashes of an anonymous mummy.

Well, and thus ends Reggie Morell's biography – he died, or had died, or will die... smiling. Everything elapsed so fast... everything elapses so fast. Sidewiping, like a nimble snake, never too taken up with the stuff already learned; sniffing new landmarks... until the landmark became a dark wall where the joke ended, his smile suddenly gone. Bitter now. At the very end, holding some hope, you think...? No, none. Perhaps wishing to die well. He was decaying fast... sicknesses in the blood... Ephemeral, transitory... An old text already half illegible, and crumbling, melting... And then...? Good night.

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ragout

**plastified droppings from the candidates -  
subterranean funfairs**

**Thou anew with thine fair ticket aloft (for the return trip)**

Tidying everything before I'm gone  
Something to remember me by (I thought)  
And now it seems they remember me by  
The endearing sobriquet of "*the tidy guy*."

Picked up all the papers  
Piled them up in tidy mounts  
Picked up even all the discarded underwear  
From the secretary girls dirty after their parties  
And saintly debaucheries.

Now I was loaded with my goodbye packages  
The street a bit slippery  
The metro station the wrong one  
The corridors dark  
Some of my little suitcases misplaced  
The funfair underground labyrinthine  
Its shops darkening and almost deserted  
And the criers not even bothering with the shadow of me.

Luckily I met a friend of old  
Who hadn't given up  
He was back at work hard as nails  
And he put everything to rights  
With a sad face though  
Because I was surrendering to pressure again  
Bailing out retiring to pastures green  
Alone and naked and empty-pocketed and so on.

Little consolation he gave me a few mementoes  
For my collection of trifles and worthless trinkets  
From the city back at home in the sticks.

Took from his pocket a few electioneering badges  
And match boxes (three or four)  
That he'd found on the floor  
As he was walking today and he'd thought  
About me  
For which I was very  
Very touched.

We said goodbye there at the dark platform  
I see still his hand waving goodbye  
And gesturing showing which way the right way  
To get to the good station that would carry me  
To the station  
Where the train would carry me home.

Such perfection of organization the world  
I was so touched  
My fingers still smelled of the girls' crotches  
The train was lulling me to sleep  
I had a slight erection  
Peaceful pastoral home beckoned  
And my trinkets joyfully tinkled  
What a perfect world indeed.

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